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In everything in the picture line can always be found at my studio. None but the best materials enter into my work and I make it a point to turn out the

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- NO 1. Five lots, together with house, barn and wagon shed in town's addition. House—upright, 12x16, 14-foot posts; wing 16x16, another 16x20, both 10-foot posts; six rooms and 8-foot square porch; finished throughout; stone foundation and good cellar. House insured for \$200; barn for \$50. This place is a decided bargain at \$1,425 and will be sold as a whole or in parts.
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- NO 3. One acre of ground on west side with a good 12x16, five room house at \$800.
- NO 4. One acre on west side with a good 22x16, four room house, barn and wagon shed.
- NO 5. As a whole or in part, six large lots, together with a seven room house and a good barn, conveniently located on the west side.

For information regarding these and other places listed on either side of the river inquire of  
**C. E. BOLES,**  
TELEPHONE 232.  
Office in MacCann Block, West End of Bridge

## TOOK HIS OWN LIFE.

### FRANCIS E. MOREY COMMITS SUICIDE.

Shoots Himself in the Mouth with a .38-Calibre Revolver While Lying in Bed and His Wife Sleeps by His Side.—Financial Difficulties the Cause of the Deed.—Lived but a Short Time.

Francis E. Morey, who resided in the residence next to the Dixon hotel, committed suicide on Friday morning by shooting himself in the roof of the mouth with a .38-calibre revolver, dying in about twenty minutes without gaining consciousness.

Mrs. Morey was lying asleep in bed beside her husband when he committed the deed, but was awakened by the report of the revolver.

She supposed she was awakened by some external noise, but raising herself in bed she saw her husband bleeding at the mouth and saw the still smoking revolver at his side and realized at once that a calamity had occurred.

Without waiting to dress herself she hurried to the Dixon hotel next door and notified Charles Dixon and some others of what had occurred and they quickly went to the house to render any assistance that could be given the dying man.

The man was beyond human aid, however, and inside of twenty minutes he passed away without regaining consciousness, the bullet having undoubtedly entered the brain and rendered him unconscious at once. The deed was undoubtedly the outcome of financial troubles, as it had been known for some time that Mr. Morey had been unable to meet his obligations on account of having lost large sums of money by speculation.

Mr. Morey came here last August and engaged in the real estate business. He secured some options on property in the southern part of the county and selling at an advance succeeded in netting a considerable sum of money. He then commenced pressing hay which he shipped to the southern market, and for a time did an enormous business in this line. It soon became evident, however, that he had miscalculated on the cost of production, as bills began to come in faster than he was able to meet them, and the consequence was that he had a great deal of trouble in standing off his creditors, many of them being small accounts for wages and bills from farmers from whom he had purchased hay.

It is understood that in some instances he drew checks on banks in which he carried no account, by this means succeeding in standing off some of his creditors for a short time. He was enough of a business man to know that this would in time lead to trouble and there is no question that the many worries combined to make his life anything but a pleasant existence, and that at last his mind gave way under the strain and that he took this method of getting out of his troubles.

Mr. Morey was always an affable and pleasant conversationalist, and although admitting his financial straits to those he came in contact with who knew of his circumstances, he always seemed to take a philosophical view of the matter and seemed to be confident of coming out all right in the end. He claimed to have been engaged in many enterprises in Chicago, at which place he formerly lived, and turned off his reverses in a flippant manner as if they were only what was to be expected by a man who engaged in any sort of speculative enterprises.

About two months ago he was married to Miss Helen Dexter of Engerton, and since the wedding tour has been residing in the residence on Cranberry street where he shot himself.

A jury was impaneled by Justice B. L. Brown for the purpose of throwing some light on the tragedy and the following was elicited:

**Mrs. Morey's Testimony.**  
The court. Mrs. Morey, go on and state to the jury just what happened.

The first thing of which I was conscious this morning was the shot. I was asleep at the time and I thought something had exploded and I turned over and asked Mr. Morey what that was and I did not get an answer. And then I asked him again and raised up and looked over and he was swallowing fast. I think it was blood, and I saw something on the pillow and it all flashed over me at once in a general way and I got up and threw on his put his overcoat around me and went over to the hotel and spoke to old Mr. Dixon and Mr. Tuttle and they called the doctor, who I believe is in the hotel, and came over to the house. This is as far as I know.

Q. Did you smell anything? I could smell the gun powder. I realized that it was something that had been fired.

Were you in bed with him? Yes.

You found the revolver, of course, after they came? Yes, after they cleared the blood away.

Where did they find it? I do not know just where they found it or when they found it.

Did you know whether he had a revolver with him in the evening? I did not know there was such a weapon in the house.

What kind of an evening did you spend? Did you visit with him before retiring? We were both reading and then he laid down on the couch and slept, I believe.

During the day did you have any talk about his business or anything else? No, sir.

Anything during the week about his business? No, nothing.

You knew of some of his business transactions during the last month? Yes, sir. I knew he was very depressed, but I thought yesterday he was feeling in better spirits. That was the impression I had.

You did not notice anything strange in the last few days? Nothing more than usual; only he was very depressed. I certainly did not notice anything strange yesterday.

Did anybody call on him in the last two days? Not the last two days to my knowledge.

Did you have your shoes on when you went over to the hotel? I put on some bedroom slippers.

May I ask, was he restless during the night? I can't tell you.

You slept well? Yes.

And the first thing you knew was the report? Yes.

**Dr. Waters' Testimony.**

Dr. Waters, who was called to attend the man immediately after the shooting, was then called and testified as follows:

I was called this morning, I should judge, about ten minutes after seven. After dressing I looked at my watch and it was a quarter after seven, and I went over to the house and Mr. John Dixon showed me into a room. There was no one there but Charlie Dixon. He was at the head of the bed taking care of Mr. Morey and I went in there.

There was quite a pool of blood on the bed and he was bleeding quite heavily and I supposed he was having a hemorrhage from his lungs or stomach. There was quite a lot of blood on his nostrils and mouth and I wiped that away and I felt of his pulse and threw back the covers and I found the revolver there in bed with his fingers relaxed and the revolver in his free hand. His fingers were not clasped tightly at all.

Q. Was Mrs. Morey there at that time? I don't know where she was. I presume she was in the kitchen. When I went back into the sitting room she was there.

How long did he live? From the time I first saw him until he died was, I should judge, about a half to three-quarters of an hour.

Was the revolver under the clothing? Yes, sir, the clothing was pulled up tight to his throat. I suppose that had been done by somebody else, maybe Charlie Dixon.

Who was the first one saw him? Charlie was the first one saw him so far as I know.

Did he regain consciousness? Until I saw him he couldn't have been conscious from the time the shot was fired.

Did he say anything? He didn't say anything at all; nothing while I was there.

Did you stay there until he died? Yes, sir.

It isn't at all probable that he knew anything after he was shot? No. If he simply fired a blank cartridge he would not have been conscious.

Did he hold the revolver right up close to his mouth? I think from the appearance of things he held the revolver in his mouth. The front teeth were quite loose, while on each side they were solid.

Was he buried any? His chin was marked with powder, the way that you would expect powder to do escaping between the cylinder and the barrel.

It is altogether likely there was a ball in the cartridge? From the bleeding there must have been a ball in the cartridge. I should think I removed a pint of blood from the bed and he bled a good deal more than that. I tried to locate the wound before he died, but I didn't try very hard for the simple reason that I didn't want to have my finger in his mouth when he died, as there would be a chance of losing the finger.

From the condition he was in and from the amount of blood you saw you didn't think there was any reason that he was shot in such a manner that death would ensue? I knew from the view I had of him he would not live. His tongue was quite swollen, too.

You say Charlie Dixon saw him before you did? Yes, sir.

Where was Mrs. Morey? She was in the other part of the house writing telegrams for Charlie. I saw him. At first she was not there but afterward she was there.

You were there half an hour? Yes. From until a quarter after seven, and I was back there at the hotel by eight o'clock.

She was there when he died, of course, in the room? Not in the room. I was alone with him when he died.

Did she go into the room when he was dying? No, she did not when he was dying, for I didn't tell her when he was going to die.

Did she come into the room at all? She came into the room after I had been there a few minutes and asked me what had happened.

She was apparently beside herself after it happened? Yes, sir.

**Charles Dixon's Testimony.**  
Charles Dixon was then called and testified as follows:

When I got in there he was seemed to be unconscious and gurgling, blood oozing from his mouth, and I felt of his pulse and it seemed strong, but I only stayed a few minutes. Then I went back to the house.

After that Dr. Waters told me he was dead. What attracted your attention to the suicide? Why did you go over there? Why, Mr. Tuttle came to my first and says there is something wrong over to the other house. So I just dropped everything and went over there. I got inside and my father was running around there with a globe, to an electric light. He said the room was dark. I took the globe and went by the bed, the further end of the room, and found the light, the socket and screwed the globe in and turned on the light.

When I turned around and I saw the blood oozing from the mouth I thought it was all off with him then. I went up to him and felt of his pulse.

was still strong. Shortly after that Dr. Waters came in. The doctor said there was no hope and I left.

Did you discover the revolver? Yes, I saw the revolver under his hand on the right side. I paid no attention to it. I thought it was a 32 when I first looked at it.

It appears that there was no—that they weren't using a globe in there? They were scarce of globes, I guess.

There was no globe in the room at the time? There was no globe in the room, no.

Was the revolver lying in plain sight? No, I could just see the black handle.

Under the bed clothes? No, it was—the clothes were thrown back as far as his hands, lying over here (indicating) and the revolver under his right hand. I could just see a little bit of it.

Did you know he had shot himself until you saw the revolver? As soon as I entered the house I could smell powder. I concluded from that a shot had been fired.

Did you move the bed clothes? No, sir, I did not touch them. I never touched the clothes at all. I felt of his pulse, but I didn't move his hand. It was lying there limp.

Were the bed clothes right up to his throat? I could not say how far the clothes were up, but they were not around his neck.

On which side did the revolver lay? On his right.

He laid on the right side of the bed? Yes.

Just in the same position we viewed him at? Facing towards the wall.

Any one else there between the time you were there and the doctor? No, except his wife.

You talked with his wife when you went in the house? No, there was nothing said then.

Didn't see her at all? Saw her but didn't speak to her.

What was she doing? She was standing there taking on as any woman would under the circumstances.

Did she seem to be very much agitated and grieved? Deeply grieved, but she was very cool about it. When I came out of the room she wanted to know what had happened. She didn't seem to realize what had happened.

The taking of testimony was then closed.

**Coroner's Verdict.**  
An inquisition taken at the city of Grand Rapids, county of Wood, on the 2nd day of January, 1902, before Burton L. Brown, one of the justices of the peace of said county, upon the view of the body of F. E. Morey there dead by the jurors whose names are hereunto subscribed, they being duly sworn to inquire on behalf of the state when, in what manner and by what means the said F. E. Morey came to his death; upon their oath do say, F. E. Morey came to his death from a wound inflicted by a revolver used by his own hand on January 2nd, 1902, at 7:00 o'clock a. m., in the city of Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, on Cranberry street, at No. 205.

In testimony whereof the said justice of the peace and the jurors of this inquest have hereunto set their hands the day and the year aforesaid.

FRANK DUDLEY,  
FRANK HASKINS,  
W. L. BOYCE,  
E. C. ROSSIER,  
GEO. N. WOOD,  
GEORGE McMillan.

The body of Mr. Morey was taken to Chicago for burial, being accompanied by a brother, G. S. Morey.

**Death of Chas. M. Oster.**  
Stevens point Journal: Charles M. Oster passed away at his home at 740 Main street a few minutes after midnight New Year's morning.

He had been ill for some months with cancer of the lower intestines and his death was, therefore, not unexpected. An operation to which he submitted at Oshkosh early in November, afforded him some temporary relief but it was not expected that it would prove of permanent benefit. He had been conscious of his trouble since last June but it was not until a few weeks ago that the true nature of the disease was learned with certainty. Owing to the nature and location of the trouble it was impossible to do anything for his permanent relief, and he gradually weakened until the end.

Mr. Oster was born at Wellsville, Ohio, on May 22, 1835. For a number of years he has been employed as the general agent for the Chamberlains Mfg. Co., dealers principally in stump-pullers, and in representing this company the deceased became widely known throughout northern Wisconsin, wherever settlers had any use for stump-pullers in clearing their land.

Mr. Oster was twice married. His present wife was formerly Miss Louise M. Lord of Grand Rapids, whom he married on Dec. 30, 1895, at Grand Rapids. He is also survived by a daughter, Miss Jessie O'Rourke of Two Harbors, Minn.

**"The Man in the Iron Mask"**  
—An audience that packed the house to the doors saw the production of "The Man in the Iron Mask" last evening. This company is one of the best that has been seen at this house this season, every member being an artist of ability. The play is a sermon that will pay everybody to hear, church-goers as well as theatre-goers.

Mr. Doty in the title role does admirable work and gives a conscientious and painstaking portrayal of his difficult part. He has a beautiful voice well adapted to this character. Herald, St. Cloud, Minn.

**Music Lessons.**  
—Miss Helen Gilkey, teacher and soloist on the piano, organ, mandolin and guitar, will give 20 lessons (43 minutes) for \$2.00.

## CITY FATHERS MEET

### MANY INTERESTING QUESTIONS DISCUSSED.

Possibility of Abandoning the Use of the Old Fire Engine Brought up.—Will Prohibit the Use of Shot Machines in the City as Well as all Other Kinds of Gambling.—Twelve O'clock Closing Law to be Enforced.

The regular monthly meeting of the city council was held on Tuesday evening and although the attendance was not large there was quite an interesting session. Mayor Wheelan being absent from the city, Geo. M. Hill, president of the council, presided.

One of the matters taken up for discussion was the disposition of the east side fire engine. Some of the aldermen thought that in view of the fact that the waterworks were now in working order, it would be the proper thing to dispose of the engine and save the cost of having it maintained constantly. Others thought that it should be retained as part of the city property and be kept in good repair so that it could be called into immediate use provided there was an occasion when the waterworks proved inefficient in any way. This latter sentiment seemed to prevail and a committee was appointed to discover what it would cost to hire a man to take care of the engine and have it in readiness for an emergency.

Joseph Cohen presented a petition asking permission to move the two frame buildings now owned by him from Front to Center street in order that he might erect a brick structure where the frame buildings now stand. The petition was granted.

T. W. Brazean tendered his resignation as supervisor and there being another vacancy caused by the death of Nels Johnson, there will two supervisors elected at the next meeting of the council.

It was expected that there would be some action taken on the purchase of the land on which the city holds an option and where the water supply has been developed, but nothing was done about the matter and as there was plenty of time it was laid over until the next meeting of the council.

The matter of saloons closing at 12 o'clock was also discussed. Chief of Police Garinhee reported that he had had some trouble by proprietors of drinking places closing their front doors at the time specified and at the same time allowing a crowd to remain inside, claiming that by this action they had complied with the law. Mr. Garinhee asked for instructions from the council concerning the matter and he was told to enforce the law to the letter, and that any persons having a crowd in their saloon after the closing time was to be arrested and that the mayor and council would stand behind him to conduct and push the prosecutions. In connection with this matter the city attorney was instructed to draw an ordinance prohibiting all gambling within the city and also the use of any slot machines, same to be brought up for adoption at the next meeting of the council.

A number of bills were also allowed and other routine business transacted, after which the council adjourned until the next regular meeting.

**Surveyors at Work.**—A party of surveyors are at work on the east side presumably for the Wisconsin Central railroad company. What their object is can only be guessed at, but people who think they know say that it is for the purpose of extending the Wisconsin Central line across the river at this point and later further on south. In an interview with a Stevens Point paper, H. F. Whitcomb, president of the road, says: "I want to say that there is no truth in the statement that we are considering the plan to shorten the line from Chicago to St. Paul. That has never been considered. We are not considering any extension of lines." If this is a fact the company is throwing up a lot of good money in running unnecessary lines and making preliminary surveys in this part of the country. Stevens Point people do not take kindly to the idea of the road shortening its line, for that would leave them on a branch that would be very little used outside of what that city would give to the road and would necessarily mean a very poor train service for them. We will try to keep the Stevens Pointers informed as to what the road is doing here, so that they may be prepared for the worst.

**Paper Machines Ordered.**—The Tribune has been informed from competent authority that the two machines for the new paper mill of the Consolidated Water Power and Paper company have been ordered. The Beloit Iron works will build the machines and they will be 130 inches in width, the largest of the kind in this part of the country. The cost of the two machines is in the neighborhood of \$25,000. It is expected that actual work in the construction line will commence inside of two weeks and after once started will be carried forward as rapidly as possible.

**Sheriff's Appointments.**—J. Ebbes, the newly elected sheriff, arrived in the city last week and took charge of his office. He has appointed Wm. Sheca as his under-sheriff and Lou Thompson of Marshfield as deputy safe.

This probably is all the appointments that will be made at present. Mr. McLaughlin, the retiring sheriff, will remain in this city and probably engage in some sort of business. Mr. McLaughlin has made many friends in this city during the past two years and will be missed.

**Monument Factory Here.**—A car load of stuff arrived in the city of Tuesday for the firm of Weeks & Weeks who intend to open up a monument factory in this city immediately. The company has secured the store building just north of the First National bank and will conduct their business there. Both of the members of the firm are practical workmen and have been located at Plainfield for a number of years, where they have made a success of the business, and the plant there will not be discontinued. It would seem as if there should be a good business at this point for the new enterprise.

**Business Change.**—W. H. Barnes and Henry Voyer of Junction City, have bought out the stock in the candy kitchen from George Akins and expect to take charge of the place in the near future. Mr. Akins continues plates engaging in business elsewhere, although he has not definitely settled on a location. George has made many friends in the city since he came here and all will be sorry to hear of his intended departure. Guy Getts has purchased the place formerly run by Mr. Barnes.

**Danced Their Fill.**—The dance given by the west side firemen on New Year evening was a most pleasant affair from a social standpoint. Although the boys did not make any great amount of money, those present probably had a better time than they would have done had the hall been as crowded as is usual on such occasions. What balance there was, however, was on the right side of the ledger. The New Monarch orchestra furnished some fine new music for the occasion.

**Brick Selling Fast.**—James Hamilton, the manager of the Grand Rapids Brick company's plant, reports that the sale of brick this winter is something unusual, there being a constant steady demand from farmers and others for this material. He also states that a large quantity of them are being hauled to Pittsville, where it is expected they will be used next summer for building purposes.

**A Heavy Load.**—A team belonging to Arthur Sickles brought in a load of stone from Bender's quarry last week that contained one cord and 14 feet. There has been pretty good sleighing this winter but this is the largest load of stone that has been hauled, and is an extraordinary load for one team to bring in.

**Marringe Licenses.**—The following marriage licenses were issued during the past week: Michael J. Farrell of Grand Rapids and Josephine Herman of Rudolph; Oscar F. Law and Dora B. Dennis, both of Neboosa; August Kansora and Julia Kattent, both of Grand Rapids.

**A Pleasant Surprise.**—A number of friends of Charles E. Boles tendered that gentleman a surprise on Monday evening and assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Carey and spent the evening in dancing. A very pleasant time is reported.

**Runge-Schludelfeltz.**—On Wednesday last W. A. Runge was united in marriage to Miss Helena Schludelfeltz at Minoqua. The groom is well known here, having formerly been in business here. He is now engaged in the drug business at Minoqua.

**NEW COUNTY OFFICERS.**  
They Assume Charge of Affairs at the Court House.

The new county officers took charge of their respective offices on Monday, and as all of those who are located permanently in the court house held over, there was not much of a commotion during the change.

The officers who held over are E. S. Reauve, county clerk; C. A. Podawiltz, clerk of court; Jacob Searls, treasurer, and E. A. Upham, register of deeds. The new officers are Robt. Morris, superintendent of schools; Theo. W. Brazean, district attorney; L. W. Pitts, county surveyor, and John Ebbes, sheriff.

During the past two years the affairs of the county have been in very able hands, and the officers have proven themselves to be pleasant and accommodating, and there is no reason why the next two years should be any different.

**FORETELLING THE WEATHER.**  
Everything Fixed to Tell Just What Is Coming.

By watching the flag pole on the courthouse one may hereafter be able to tell just what the weather is going to be provided the machinery does not slip a cog somewhere and switch in something we are not looking for.

The information is given by a series of flags, five in number, as follows: A square weather, 1. GITO, 2. L, 3. station, 4. Grand Rapids, 5. Wisconsin.

A snow storm.

ALL KINDS OF  
**COAL**  
PRICES RIGHT.

Not  
**C. KETCHUM,**  
will be  
of the W  
pany at



## WHEN BOYS WERE MEN

By John Habberton.  
Author of "Hick's Dilemma," "George Washington," Etc.  
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### CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE CHARGE OF THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

"ATTENTION, company!" shouted our captain. "Draw sabers."

"Flashed all their sabers bare," as Tennyson says in "The Charge of the Light Brigade," but I hope for the reputation of their drillmasters that Cardigan's troopers flashed their swords more in unison. Had they not, some of them would not have been in condition to annoy the Russian gunners much. Ours was a sort of cumulative flash; it was literally a long drawn out effort. The boys had learned to draw their sabers quickly on foot drill or parade, where the scabbard was partly raised by the left hand and the right hand sought the grip, but the sabers of the mounted trooper hangs as low as the strays will allow, and as we never had been drilled while mounted many of the men nearly fell from their saddles while leaning to the left in a frantic reach for their sword hilts.

"Captain Bright," roared our battalion's major, an officer in whom I had not previously taken any interest, not seeing where his usefulness came in, "why are some of your men's sabers undrawn?"

"You rascals," screamed the captain, facing his horse toward the flank of the company, "why don't you draw your sabers?"

"I can't get down to mine," said Brainard, answering for himself. His arm, like the remainder of him, was quite short. "I don't believe I can reach it unless I turn a somersault."

"Take your bridle in your right hand; draw your saber with your left; now change hands; the rest of you do the same. There!" the captain yelled.

"Make haste, captain," said the major. "You're opening distance badly between you and the company ahead of you by being so slow."

"Trot! March!" the captain ordered in a nervous shriek.

Off went the company, but not all of it went off in the same direction, for at least one man in every three had never felt a horse trot under him, so two or three fell off their chargers before we had gone a hundred yards. Others retained their seats fairly by grasping the horn of the saddle with the bridle hand and trying to seize the pommel with the other. But a sword is as much as a novice can hold in one hand. Several had to choose between giving up their rear hold and losing their sabers. Some did the latter, preferring present safety to future possibilities. Among these unfortunates was Brainard.

The major dropped back to the rear company, for which I was profoundly grateful. It wasn't pleasant to think of any one, even a member of our own regiment, observing all that was occurring in our company during those few moments. Men who were not accustomed to riding were bouncing briskly in their saddles and looking as wretched as the poor fellow who came in wounded the day before. Mick McTryny lost his temper, blamed his horse for everything and, turning to the roadside and halting, began to pound the poor animal with both fists and kick him in the flanks with his spurred heels, a proceeding which the brute resented by leaping suddenly forward and tumbling his rider into the road. The lieutenant, who had chanced to look backward, turned and threatened to saber Mick then and there unless he at once remounted and acted like a soldier instead of a donkey, and Mick returned the threat, upon which the lieutenant, using his saber as a paddle, gave Mick a tremendous spank, and Mick swore an awful oath, which he cheered to extreme indignation as he uttered it, that he would get even with the lieutenant, and the lieutenant promised to give him a season of arrest in which to think up his vengeful plan.

Meanwhile another man bit the dust, for my horse stepped on the heels of his file leader, who had slackened his pace suddenly. The injured horse reared his hind quarters to kick, and over his head shot his rider, breaking his fall by rolling between two horses in front of him. A similar fate befell several other men, who, trying to brace themselves by holding their bridle reins tightly, curved their horses so severely that the animals halted suddenly and unhorsed their riders. It seemed to me they must be trampled to death, but it was impossible to halt

any assistant.

"What! All that effort to catch one man—a man who was apparently getting away? All the scare, the terror, the wild thoughts, the helplessness, the disorder, the suffering, merely to overtake one man! I felt angry enough to desert. I lost my temper and expressed my thoughts so loudly that the lieutenant overheard me and, looking angrily at me, said:

"He's the reb we're chasing, I s'pose."

What! All that effort to catch one man—a man who was apparently getting away? All the scare, the terror, the wild thoughts, the helplessness, the disorder, the suffering, merely to overtake one man! I felt angry enough to desert. I lost my temper and expressed my thoughts so loudly that the lieutenant overheard me and, looking angrily at me, said:

"Be quiet, you little fool. There's no better way of finding their main body than by chasing a man who is trying to get back to it, is there?"

"No, sir," I replied weakly as a flood of light descended upon my wits, and I longed to shrivel within my uniform so that I could not be seen. I did not long have to chew the bitter end of reflection, however, for soon we heard some shots in the advance. Our pace was slackened; we became tightly packed in the road, breaking our formation and causing much trampling on horses' hoofs, with the consequent kicking and swearing. Then down the column was passed in rapid succession the orders:

"Halt! Dismount!"

Were we to fight on foot? Well, whatever might befall the enemy, I was sure it would be far safer for us. Then came the orders:

"Loosen your saddle girths. Tie your horses to the fence. Stand by and prevent them from rolling, or your saddles will be broken."

What an inglorious conclusion! I did not dare ask the lieutenant what it meant, but he evidently saw I was curious, for he approached me and said:

"I guess the advance has gobbled them. There's never more than a company of these fellows on the road at a time around here."

That was better than I had expected, and I was wild to go forward and see the prisoners. Soon there was something else to look at, however, and I don't believe the prisoners could have presented as sorry a spectacle—it was the mass of stragglers being urged forward by the rear guard. There seemed no end to the dismal line of men without horses, soldiers without men. Some of the stragglers were asking where their companies were, and once in awhile a member of our company

which each of us wore on his cap. What astonished me most, however, was Mick McTryny plodding along on foot and carrying little Brainard on his back. I was so astonished that it was some time before I could ask Charley what had happened, and he told me that something was biting his side awfully. When the surgeon, of whom we had three, reached our company, Brainard learned that in falling from his horse he had broken two ribs.

Soon the colonel came riding down the column, looking keenly to the right and left. I asked him about the engagement, but he stared coldly at me and did not answer. When, however, the captain saluted, the colonel told him that the enemy's entire party had been captured, being unsaddled and therefore unable to get away. He also volunteered the information that our dash had been worth more to the regiment than a month of battalion drill in camp and that if half of the new men had kept up with the procession they had done better than he expected.

Thus ended the first charge of the Thirty-eighth, and it had been quite as successful in results as early cavalry dashes in general. But what would have happened had we, with 600 or 700 raw men and only a third as many experienced members, encountered a well armed, well trained regiment as large as our own? Well, either we would have run away or been badly whipped.

It is unlikely, however, that the colonel, who knew his business, would have dashed against such a body, and it is less likely that he could have done it if he would, for there was not at that time a well armed, well trained cavalry regiment anywhere in the southern army. Greenhorn against greenhorn was the rule in those days, and not only in the cavalry service either.

As the sergeant—who chanced to be Hamilton—and I had nothing to do but post and relieve the guards, we lay on the ground and engaged some of the captives in conversation. We found they were all Georgians, most of them from small villages or plantations, and they did not know much about the war except that they were sorry it broke out, but they had felt it their duty to stand by their state.

"Seems to me," said one of them after we had chatted a little while, "that you men was all to blame for the war, for we us didn't want none. No matter which side whips, I'm a ruined man, for there's nobody to make the crops while I'm away up here. I don't own no niggers, an' my wife an' young uns can't do no more'n work the truck patch [kitchen garden] an' look after the pigs an' the milk critters."

I heard this story so many times during the war that I had to do a great deal of being sorry for the enemy.

Our prisoners had been told to bring their provisions with them, and as they had eaten nothing since dinner time they asked permission, which was readily granted, to do their cooking at the fires. Their rations were so different from ours that it was interesting to look on. Instead of boiled fat pork they had raw bacon, thin slices of which they fried or toasted on sharpened sticks. Some had white bread, others biscuit or hoeecake, while two or three mixed meal and water and made hoecakes in the frying pans which several of them carried; others had sweet potatoes, which they baked in the ashes.

Oh, how hungry the smell of their cooking made me! I understood for the first time why it was that some of the poorly fed children in our town used to stand around the bakery while the bread, cakes and pies were being taken from the great oven in the cellar. Some of the Johnnies asked us if we wouldn't eat with them, but Hamilton and I, half starved though we were, declined until I noticed that none of them was making coffee. Then a brilliant idea struck me. I asked one of them whether southerners never drank coffee at supper time.

"Not unless they can get it," said he, "which is mighty seldom."

I went to the servant of our officer's mess and borrowed some ground coffee and sugar, promising to repay him when we reached camp. Returning, I distributed it among the prisoners nearest me. I wish I might ever again earn so much gratitude with so little trouble as that act cost me. Those Johnnies became positively jolly, and they made haste to put cups of water to boil. Said one of them, a rough looking man with a huge yellow beard: "Ev'rythin' I've got's yours, my young friend. I'm 'most glad we got captured. Take all my stuff."

"Since you're so kind," said I in an absolute delirium of anticipation, "I'll accept a single slice of bacon. It has a more tempting odor than our fat pork."

"For good eatin'," said he as he cut several slices of bacon for me and put them in a pan over the fire, "there ain't no hogs like southern hogs. We never buy no'th'n pork, 'cept to feed to niggers."

I was quite willing to believe him. The odor that arose from that frying pan was delicious perfume to my nostrils. After the bacon had sizzled awhile the old fellow took some hoeecake from his haversack, split it with his knife and laid it in the pan inner side down, saying:

"You need to eat co'n bread with bacon to get the full taste of it."

"Bless your southern soul!" said I to myself, and I was sure by the manner in which Hamilton eyed the pan that his sentiments agreed with mine. Oh, what a supper that was! I've never tasted one so good since the war ended. It seemed to me that if President Lincoln and Jeff Davis could have sat there with us and shared the contents of that frying pan they would quickly have agreed to end the war on a basis of a general exchange of northern coffee for southern bacon and hoeecake.

The camp was soon quiet. Soldiers in the field fall asleep quickly after the evening meal and pipe, and our prisoners were all dozing by 8 o'clock. As I was not a smoker and was on duty I remained wide awake and, packing to and fro in the road, spent much time in thinking how dreadful it would

be to have to fight so good natured, harmless a set of men as the gray clad fellows slumbering near me. Then I put in some time being sorry for the families whose heads were so far from home. What would become of the Frost farm, I wondered, and how miserable would be the family if my father instead of his son was in the army?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Making Sure.

This hunting story comes from Scotland: When the beaters came out of the covert, one of the guns said to the keeper, "Have you got all your beaters out?"

"Aye," said the man, astonished.

"Are you sure? Have you counted them?"

"Counted them?" said the keeper.

"Aye, they're all right."

"Then," said the shooter, with a sigh of some relief, "I have shot a roe."

The Spitting Snake.

A snake found in Africa is called the spitting snake by the Boers. It is between two and three feet long and is especially bold and active, readily attacking every one who approaches it. In confinement it is very savage, opening its mouth and erecting its fangs, from which the poison may be often observed to drop and even sometimes to be forcibly ejected; whence the name given it by the Boers.

Liver Troubles.

Those troubles are always the results of indigestion and often appear before you feel anything wrong with the stomach. When your complexion is sallow, breath offensive, appetite fickle and tongue coated, it is a sure sign of indigestion and inactive liver. There is an easy and certain way of eradicating these troubles quickly, buy a bottle of Re-Go Tonic Laxative Syrup and within 24 hours you will feel like a new person. Sold by Sam Church druggist.

(First Publication 12-16-11)

Notice of Application.

Wood County Court—In Probate.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, )  
COUNTY OF WOOD, ) ss.

In the matter of the estate of Sheridan Jesmer, deceased.

On this 4th day of December, A. D. 1912, upon reading and filing the petition of Phyllis Jesmer, widow of the said Sheridan Jesmer, of the county of Wood, died intestate, on or about the 23rd day of November, 1912, and praying that she, Phyllis Jesmer, be appointed administratrix of the estate of said deceased.

It is ordered, That said application be heard before me, at the probate office in the city of Grand Rapids, on the 6th day of January, A. D. 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m.

And it is further ordered, That notice of the said application be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper printed in said county, previous to the time appointed for said hearing.

By the Court.

W. J. CONWAY,  
County Judge.

The "HUB"

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Dealer in Fine Wine, Liquors and Cigars.

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by having your work done at the

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NO. 3. Two lots, each 65x132 feet, in Harris addition. House 20x26, 10-foot posts; nine rooms, six rooms down stairs; dining room and kitchen have hard-wood floors; parlor and bedroom finished in oak; electric lights. This is a well built house and a bargain at \$1,700.

NO. 4. One acre of ground on west side with a good 12x16, five room house at \$800.

NO. 5. One acre on west side with a good 12x16, four room house, barn and wagon shed, \$800.00.

NO. 6. As a whole or in part, six large lots, together with a seven room house and a good barn, conveniently located on the west side.

For information regarding these and other places listed on either side of the river inquire of

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# PERSONALITY OF THE HAPSBURGS.

Race From Which the Princess Louise of Saxony Springs.

## A FAMILY OF CONTRASTED IDEALS

Some Sticklers For Etiquette and Others Intolerant of the Forms and Manners of the Court—The Pastoral Romance of the Archduke John—Escapades of Otto.

Strongly Bourbon though her blood is, the runaway wife of the heir apparent of the kingdom of Saxony, Princess Louise Anhaltine, is yet to be regarded as one of the unhappy Hapsburgs, says the New York Evening Post. Through father and grandfather her descent is direct from Ferdinand III. of Tuscany, who was son of Emperor Leopold II. of Austria. This makes her great-great-granddaughter of the founder of the present dynasty, Maria Theresa. Her line has been untouched by the lunacies communicated to imperial blood by intermarriage with the Wittelsbachs of Bavaria. But the mere fusion of Bourbon and Hapsburg has itself often brought strange issue, with impulsive tendencies toward something else than being merely a royal pageant with an expectation of one day rising to the throne.

Men as well as women have renounced their rights to place and precedence to become civil subjects. One archduke even took himself to South America and disappeared among the people and is supposed to be there still or perhaps here in the United States, living his own life in his own way. There have been two sorts of Hapsburgs—those devoted to the right old usages and those who, desperately in revolt, threw themselves against all that was fixed and ordained. Francis Joseph's mother gave indication of the feeling of the first when she upbraided the Empress Elizabeth for begging to be allowed to take care of her own child for the consolation of the simple duties of maternity. "Why," exclaimed the archduchess, "you have one of the grandest positions in the world and jewels richer than those of any other queen. What other consolation do you need?"

Stambouloff was shockingly murdered and Bulgarin was lost to Ferdinand through the insistence of his consort, Marie Louise of Austria (common name), upon the preservation of the niceties of the court etiquette she had been brought up to. That unfortunate minister was elbowed by her simply because, like his own people, Stambouloff lacked some of the conventional graces of demeanor and deportment. Powerful though he was with the governments, the fact was neglected; consequently all other powers were alienated through her tactless exaggeration of his small slips of etiquette in approaching her or in approaching Ferdinand. Like Marie Louise of Bourbon, who had married Napoleon at a critical moment and then deserted him when he was sent to St. Helena, not even writing to him, but turning from the foremost soldier of his time, if not of all time, to such insignificant persons as Count Neipperg and later Count de Bombelles of the Austrian army, Ferdinand's Austrian wife was not a blessing. In most of the Austrian archduchesses the idea of family, of aristocracy, of etiquette, of the distinction of blood, was uppermost. As one of them remarked to the British ambassador who innocently inquired whether his vis-a-vis knew a certain writer and philosopher, "My dear sir, you are speaking of another world!"

It was preferable for Napoleon's wife to come home from the most brilliant court in Europe after its demolition and view the festivities of the court of Vienna from behind a curtain or from the attic by means of a hole in the ceiling than to violate one of the sanctified customs, yet, on the other hand, there were princesses and princesses of the same Hapsburg-Bourbon family ready to grant themselves in marriage to the most outrageous petty royalties of Europe and then, when they found the human nature forming in their hearts, to burst away regardless of church and state and public reputation. Perhaps the men have been more courageous than the women in this, as may be natural. The revolt was sometimes due to love, the kind of love celebrated by novelists and by poets. Even Francis Joseph, so the partisan courtiers represented, made the life of his cold, unlikable empress a martyrdom before it was ended four years ago by the knife of an anarchist.

Three years afterward, according to public reports, the Austrian emperor married, morganatically, Frau Katharine Schratz of the Vienna stage and had her previous marriage with Baron Kisch annulled therefor. This was the Frau Schratz who used to make long journeys to carry in person to the empress the first violets of springtime. What a glimpse of royalty and of commonness! Thackeray would have been glad to show it up. Then there was Archduke John, whom Von Moltke regarded as a brilliant strategist, who abhorred flatterers, and who, on his own hook, engaged himself to Donna Elvira of Spain, only to find that the requirements of the Austrian court forbade the union. Being a man before an archduke, he brooded over this situation and presently showed that he would not put up with the artificialities of aristocracy, would not tolerate dores whatever their birth, and declared that "the people are not made for the princes." One day he arrived at the post station of Brandhofen and needed horses and a postillon. There

were horses, but no postillon, and the postmaster, fearful of losing his place, asked his slim young daughter if she would serve. She pulled on the jockey breeches and the top boots and got astride a horse. At the end of the journey, noting her beauty, the Archduke John spoke to her, and she confessed, innocently, that indeed, she was a girl, not a boy. Learning that, the archduke was smitten. When he contracted a morganatic marriage with her, she was made, for decency's sake, the Baroness of Brandhofen and afterward Countess of Meran, and her son came to great favoritism and the Order of the Golden Fleece and a privy councillorship.

In the Almanach de Gotha the archduke is entered now as having "disappeared," for no man knows what became of him after having taken, as skipper, a ship to South America.

His brother, Louis Salvator, has the same distaste for the position to which he was born. He has spent his life in the study of history and geography and has published works on botany and nature which have admitted him to the Institute de France. Some time ago he purchased the island of Majorca, where he lives, retired, wearing blue jeans like a peasant and straw sandals and a flat cap with a long visor, taking frequent incognito voyages on his yacht. Archduke Joseph has devoted himself to agriculture and is the overseer of the emperor's various estates. He was the first to write a grammar of the Rumanian tongue. Affable and cheery, he was loved by the Zingari, to whom he was devoted. In a utopian moment he thought that he could turn the gypsies from their nomadic life, so he built villages for them and taught them to till the soil. But they preferred to rove and to steal, and he left them to go to manage imperial country places. He wears the cross of Maria Theresa for extraordinary bravery and two crosses for having saved human lives from fire. He surely is not to be counted among those whom Bismarck referred to as "the idiot archdukes of Austria."

Nor is Archduke Rainer. It was he who created the science and art museum at Vienna and managed the preliminaries of the international exhibition of 1873 and the musical exhibition of 1882. He is a faithful and capable officer of the militia, like any bourgeois citizen of means, and delights to live like one. Summers he spends at Brighton, England, in lodgings. Archduke Francis Ferdinand, brother of the emperor, is a skilled engineer. He was married morganatically six years ago to Sophie, Countess Chotek de Chotkowa de Wognin, because he loved her better than the ladies of his own grade.

Of the archdukes the black sheep is Otto, who is supposed to be heir apparent. Owing to the secrecy with which the law of succession has been kept since pragmatic sanction allowed Maria Theresa to come to the rescue of the Hapsburgs, whose male line was extinct, only one minister, sworn on talking office never to reveal the fact, knows who would be or could be named to reign when Francis Joseph dies. Otto, however, since Francis Ferdinand married outside the charmed circle, is regarded as his nominal successor. He is one of the archdukes one reads about in fiction—harum scarum, hard drinking, thoughtless, brutal, who once in devilry jumped his horse back and forth over the coffin carried in a funeral procession and again tried one night to take some restlessness to the chamber of his wife, a princess of Saxony. A faithful guard would not let them in, and the archduke was placed under three months' arrest by the emperor. Some time after that he was wounded in the shoulder by a bullet. Publicly it was given out that it was a hunting accident, but publicly it was believed that the brother of his wife had called him to account.

How Rudolph, the crown prince of Austria, son of the austere Elizabeth, who was a cousin of the Ludwig of Bavaria who first drowned his physician in charge and then himself in a lake, came to a wretched end for love is fresh in every one's memory. Elizabeth once protested to Francis Joseph that she perhaps had the Wittelsbach talent of lunacy, but "The Martyrdom of an Empress" would spread a different idea of her eccentricities. She, at any rate, never showed the human passion of "the Ferdinands," as those with Bourbon blood are called. It was Rudolph whom the royal mother-in-law would not let Elizabeth take care of in the motherly fashion she craved to exercise. Rudolph's wife, Stephanie of Belgium, was, it appears, provocatively jealous and had lost him before the ball at which he saw and became enamored of the Greek banker's daughter, Marie Balthazzi. After a night's interview with his father, the emperor, according to "The Martyrdom of an Empress," Francis Joseph was found bent in a fatal upon his desk, and next night Rudolph was found dead in his hunting lodge with a pistol by his side, and on a couch, as if she had but just entered from traveling, lay the girl Marie, with a bottle labeled "strychnia." Notes written by both remarked upon the impossibility of going on with life in the conditions which were imposed by society.

A Senator's Pie Order.  
"An apple pie, a peach pie, a mince pie and a pudding for Senator Nelson." This order was shouted down to the kitchen of the restaurant in the senate end of the capitol in Washington through the speaking tube the other day, says the New York Tribune. Senator Nelson was in an adjoining private dining room with a party of friends. Senator Billy Mason, however, was just eating a piece of pie himself at the counter, and as he gulped down the last bit he shouted loud enough to be heard at the Nelson table. "Add one doctor for Senator Nelson!" Then the Illinois Jester slid out of the door.

## How Two Soldiers Strangely Met Death

It was in the month of August, 1873, that one of the most mysterious disappearances ever recorded in the west took place near the outlet of Henry Lake, in Idaho.

Two troops of cavalry were summering in that region, and the story is related by "English George," a noted scout, who accompanied the troops as hunter and guide.

One day a party of forty troopers were sent on an exploring expedition down the Snake river.

"Shortly after we made camp," says George, "while a part of the men were cooking supper and the remainder were picketing the horses, a couple of men—Privates Ryelson and Manley, I think those were their names—took their carbines and started for a clump of cottonwoods on the opposite side of the valley, where one of the men had seen a couple of faint deer as we had gone into camp. The place was about a mile and a half from where we made our camp."

"Just as the sun reached the edge of the mountains in the west a few rays fell on the clump of cottonwoods into which the men had disappeared a few minutes before and brought it out in strong relief against the dark background of the mines."

"As we gazed half curiously at the effect of the sunset a shot rang out from the timber, followed by another and another; then, after several minutes' silence, the most agonizing yell imaginable arose from the timber. In an instant the cries resolved into appeals for help, and every soldier in the party dropped his snipper and rushed pellmell for the cottonwood thicket."

"When we reached the cottonwoods, there was not a sign of the men to be found, nor was there any trace of their arms or tracks leading from the thicket. We scoured around the place thoroughly until dark, but never a sign of the missing soldiers could we secure."

"The next morning the search was renewed, but with the same result—no trace of the missing men could be found. And though we stayed there for twenty-four hours and thoroughly scoured every part of the valley we did not secure a clue which would lead to the discovery of the fate of the two privates."

"A year or so ago Madison John and I were in that neighborhood hunting and we passed through the same thicket in which the men had disappeared. I told John of the disappearance of the men and our hunt for them. He asked



THE TREE STRAIGHTENED UP.

"If we had looked up the trees," I told him, "and we secured the thicket again in the hope of finding some clue to the men."

"We found it. In a cottonwood tree, which was then about six inches through, we discovered the remains of the two missing men, or, rather, their skeletons. The tree had evidently been bent over by the two men for the purpose of hanging the carcasses of a deer into a convenient fork. One of the men had apparently tried to hold the tree down while the other raised up the carcasses of the deer to place it over the fork, which had been sharpened. While he was doing this his hand slipped and the tree straightened up again. The neck of one of the men was caught in the fork of the tree as it straightened and the sharpened prong of the tree thrust itself through the lower jaw of the other as it straightened itself to its normal position."

"There the two men hung until they were struggled to death. This is our surmise of the manner in which it happened. The real truth of the matter will never be known, but when Madison John and I found the skeletons they were high and dry, at least twenty feet above the ordinary man's head. Where the deer they killed or their guns disappeared to I cannot say, but it was more than a little satisfaction to me to learn the fate of the two troopers."

## Napoleon's Mistake.

"What kind of a man was Napoleon?" asked the little boy.

"He was one of the men whose mistakes made them famous," answered his cynical parent. "He undertook to control the world by organizing armies instead of organizing a trust."—Washington Star.

## MR. GRADGRIND

I am a tutor in an obscure college. I have been a tutor for twenty years, always having before me the hope of becoming professor, a hope which has been perpetually deferred. My family has meanwhile been increasing, though my salary has remained the same. I had given up any idea of change in my life when one morning the president sent for me and told me that Professor S., lecturer on chemistry, was to take a vacation and I had been selected to give lectures in his department until his return. I left the laboratory in which I instructed beginners and devoted myself to my new temporary duties.

During my lecture the door opened and a gentleman walked in on tiptoe, took a seat in the row of chairs farthest from me and listened intently to what I was saying. As I have never known any one except the students to attend my lectures, I was greatly surprised. However, I retained my equanimity, stimulated by the presence of the stranger, and flattered myself that I was making my discourse extraordinarily interesting. When I dismissed the class, the visitor remained and approached my desk.

"Permit me to inform you, sir, that the lecture I have just listened to is the most interesting I have ever heard."

I concealed my pleasure at the man's commendation as well as I could, and he went on:

"I am myself something of a chemist in a small way and, being in your town, availed myself of the privilege of hearing something on my favorite subject. Your charming discourse—"

"Are you a professional chemist?"

"Not exactly—rather a practical one. I have succeeded in combining properties in a way to produce a cleansing material which I am now introducing to the world. I am the proprietor of Gradgrind's eradiator."

I heaved a sigh of disappointment.

"I would be pleased to have you make an analysis of the eradiator and if you find it effective and harmless will gladly recompense you for your trouble."

"You wish a certificate?"

"That is what I would like, not that the eradiator requires anything but trial. Nevertheless the public is incredulous and needs testimony."

"What would the analysis and a statement be worth to you?"

"Millions, but I am free to say that in the beginning, till we sell the goods, my pecuniary resources are limited. I could make a first payment of all I possess. Let me see." He fumbled in his vest pocket and took out some small change.

"Seventy-three cents is the total assets of one who possesses an embryo fortune."

"The man's pluck won me. 'Give me a sample,' I said. 'I will analyze it and give you the result, but I do not care to take money from one poorer than myself.'"

He gave me a look of genuine thankfulness and a sample. Inviting him to return the next day after my lecture I went to the laboratory.

When Mr. Gradgrind returned the next day, I told him that his eradiator contained several valuable properties, but also an acid that would eat up any substance it touched. He was cast down for a moment, then, brightening up, said:

"Surely one with such a profound knowledge of chemical properties can find another to take its place."

I had caught the spirit of investigation and told Mr. Gradgrind that I would try and if successful would write him. He gave me his address and departed apparently perfectly assured that I would succeed.

I spent a month searching for an agent that would cut up dirt, grease and such substances without destroying the fabric from which they were to be removed and met with excellent success. I wrote Mr. Gradgrind to come and see me and received a visit from him. The only change in him was that he had grown shabbier.

"Mr. Gradgrind," I said, "I have discovered the required agent."

"Then, sir, your fortune is made," "My fortune?"

"Yes, sir. If your agent proves satisfactory, I will give you a half interest in the business."

I smiled, gave him the secret and dismissed him and the matter from my mind at the same time.

I neither saw nor heard from Mr. Gradgrind for five years, though every house, barn and fence became gradually covered with advertisements of Gradgrind's eradiator, accompanied invariably by the letters "G. and G."

The only interest I took in the matter was as to the meaning of these letters. Yesterday morning I received a letter furnishing a view of the manufacturing establishment of Gradgrind's eradiator. Thinking it contained testimonials, I was about to throw it into the wastebasket when something, I knew not what, induced me to open it. I took out an account current of Gradgrind & Co. with their silent partner, Samuel Goswell, for the five years of their business and a check payable to my order for \$355,472.25 to balance.

I am still a tutor, for the unexpected windfall came only yesterday. At the close of the present term in June I go upon an extended tour abroad. The president of the corporation of the college, to whom I communicated my purpose and my good fortune last evening, has invited me to return whenever I like as professor of chemistry. Nothing succeeds so well as success.

I shall not accept the offer. There is a great deal of begging nowadays for colleges, and I fear the president has an eye upon my fortune for the benefit of the one over which he presides.

## SMILE AS YOU GO.

Everybody Loves the Man With a Shining Countenance.

Brighter than the most brilliant of gems, electrifying with a radiance that does not dazzle so much as it calls forth a reflection of brightness, is the shining countenance.

The soul of each man is a sun of infinite energy and glorious light. But how few allow themselves to shine! How few faces are lit up with their possible divine life!

Take your thoughts away from the swamps of fear and evil, center them on the ideals of faith and love, on good intentions for others, and your countenance is at once illuminated.

Look in a mirror, and you shall see that my words are true. Absolve yourself of all troubles, be peaceful, be still, cease all your reining; then your countenance will shine.

That such an instantaneous physical change can take place by a change of thought suggests what power there is in a renewed habit of thought, a habit created by repeated conscious repositing efforts of calm, concentrated thinking in line with the ideal.

Not only is the countenance changed by a bright thought, but the whole body. The atoms are so many vortices of ether, and the central force of each is the mind.

A shining countenance is a smiling countenance. Look on life rightly, and you cannot but be pleased. Then you will smile, you will laugh with joy, because of life's possibilities.

You have perhaps desired to reach greater heights of power. You will reach them easier if you will but smile as you go.

There is every reason why the heart should be glad, and your love for others will show this so. This is the sunshine that expresses itself in your countenance. The mere fact of loving drives away fear and darkness. All false conceptions of duty, the conclusions of a biased reasoning, vanish at the appearance of love.

Every one loves the sunshiny days, and every one loves the man whose soul or individual sun shines through his face.

Such a man will be trusted wherever he is. He is an interpreter of life; he will intuitively grasp the meaning of things; he will be welcomed everywhere; he will recognize all and he will be recognized by all; he will be received as the Son of Man, a true exemplar of his race, a leader in the evolution of humanity; he will be an encouragement and an incentive to all.

A shining countenance is first of all an immediate phenomenon expressive of the proof of right thinking, and the same source of this illustration contains the potency of completely changing character, body, surroundings, of influencing the person, the community, the race, of issuing forth from its infinite, solar center great stream of life, giving out more vigor, raising the whole realm of existence to the higher plane. —Fred Barry.

## Too Generous.

"What was the trouble between Arabella and her young man that they gave up the idea of marrying?" asked a former resident of Babylon.

"Arabella was always tecky," said the young lady's aunt, with impersonal calmness, "and that was the trouble—that and her being so literal. It's a terrible risky combination of qualities."

"They kept having hitches all along, but come Christmas time Albert asked her right up and down what she wanted, for fear of making the wrong choice, and she said, 'You can give me enough candy to fill my slipper,' looking at him real coy."

"Well, her feet aren't as small as some, but that wasn't his idea. 'Twas because he's generous and not literal. He sent her a five pound box, poor, de-luded critter, and she up and broke the engagement, and his little sister ate the candy and enjoyed it, by what I hear.'—Youth's Companion.

## In a Critical Attitude.

Some people seem to be born in an unhappy frame of mind. They cannot admit excellence without making some comment on deficiencies. With them the "times are always out of joint." They are simply in a critical attitude, and nothing except grumbling will satisfy their morbid condition, says the Pittsburg Press. They remind one very strikingly of the old lady who, when she was asked how she felt, replied that she felt better, but that when she felt better she always felt worse, as she knew if she felt better she was going to have a worse spell again.

## The Curate's Compliment.

In a west end church on a recent Sunday the junior curate was preaching on reasons for coming to church. "Some people," he remarked, "come to church for no better reason than to show off their best clothes." Then he paused and glanced thoughtfully over his audience. "I am thankful to see, dear friends," he added, "that none of you has come here for that reason."—London Telegraph.

## Penalty of Laziness.

Head of Department—What's this lying on my desk? The last dunning letter received from my tailor, duly initiated by all my clerks! Oh, dear, what have I done? Actually sent it round to be duly noted without taking the trouble to look at it!—Pittsburg Blatter.

## His Maxims.

"It's always well to be on the safe side," mused the burglar, with a glow of satisfaction, as he crawled into the bank through the opening in the wall.—New York Times.

Any person attending a spiritualistic

**G. W. Paulus**  
Buys and Sells  
**Farms, Lands, Homes & Lots.**  
Insures Your Property Against Fires, Tornadoes In First class Companies.  
Loans Money on First Class Securities.  
For particulars Write or call on me at  
Grand Rapids, Wis.  
Office in Wood County Nat'l Bank Block, Phone 300.

**Where to Buy Shoes.**  
It is well to remember that there is a good store where you can get the best shoe service. Some day you will want a pair in a hurry and you may not know where to go.  
This is the place to get the best the market affords at the least possible outlay. We do not keep shoddy shoes—neither do we charge fancy prices.  
This is the all around satisfactory place to buy shoes.  
Remember!  
**I. ZIMMERMAN,**  
West Side Shoeman.

**HARNESS HAPPENINGS**  
When looking for anything in the harness line, don't forget that J. H. Landry, whose shop is near the bridge on the West side, is always ready to supply your wants. He keeps everything in the line of harnesses and horse goods and his prices are so low that once you have traded with him you will look him up again. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.  
**J. H. LANDRY**  
WEST SIDE, NEAR BRIDGE.  
GRAND RAPIDS, - WIS.

**A. GITCHELL,**  
PRACTICAL PLUMBER  
Is now located at B. Metzger's old shop on the east side.

DEPARTMENT SHOPS.  
You can get your Plumbing and House Heating done.  
Your Pumps repaired or new Pumps and Iron Pipe.  
Your Horses Shod and Blacksmithing done.  
Your Wagons, Sleighs or Buggies repaired and painted and all kinds of wood work;  
Each branch has a practical mechanic and we can turn out first class work in each department. All orders promptly attended to. Telephone 30.  
**A. GITCHELL,**  
Grand Rapids, Wisconsin

ALL KINDS OF  
**COAL**  
PRICES RIGHT.  
**E. C. KETCHUM.**



Entered at the Post Office at Grand Rapids, Wis., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months.....75

Real Estate Transfers.

The following real estate transfers have been recorded in the office of the register of deeds during the past week:

H. P. Chase, et al., to Henry A. Sampson, jr. Tract in the city of Grand Rapids on east side; \$300.  
Ella Fraser and husband to Fredolf Olson. Sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of sw $\frac{1}{4}$  in section 9, town of Remington; \$4,000.  
Lawrence Ward, et al., to N. D. Johnson of Marquette, Ill. E $\frac{1}{2}$  of the e $\frac{1}{2}$ , section 9, town of Remington.  
Lawrence Ward, et al., to G. W. Johnson of Marquette, Ill. W $\frac{1}{2}$  of the nw $\frac{1}{4}$  of section 10, town of Remington.

Rachael Gardner to Clara Mickelson of Postville, Ia. Lots 7, 8 and 9, block 4, Gardner's addition to the city of Grand Rapids; \$250.

Lawrence Ward, et al., to Wm. E. Riste of Lombardville, Ill. Sw $\frac{1}{4}$  and the se $\frac{1}{4}$  of the ne $\frac{1}{4}$ , section 32, and the w $\frac{1}{2}$  of the sw $\frac{1}{4}$  and the sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of the nw $\frac{1}{4}$  of the nw $\frac{1}{4}$  of section 33, town of Dexter; \$3,360.

Frank Garrison to Oliver Trudell. Lot 8, block 26, original plat of the city of Centralia; \$630.

Louis Jacekel and wife to Margaret Hantzicker. Lots 10 and 11, block D, city of Marshfield; \$1,800.

Thomas Ewer to John Jenkins. Sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of the nw $\frac{1}{4}$ , section 16, town of Richfield.

Justin Porte and wife to Herman J. Sigglekow. Sw $\frac{1}{4}$ , section 53, town of Rock.

William C. Tilton and wife to Hermina Sigglekow. Sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of section 23, town of Rock.

Minerva Friday and husband to Lucy E. Taxis. Sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of section 29, town of Port Edwards; \$1,500.

Edward Kennedy to Mary J. Kennedy. Sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of the ne $\frac{1}{4}$  and sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of section 15, and the sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of the sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of section 14, town of Anburndale; \$4,000.

Edward L. Reese to Wm. Goldammer and wife. Lots 6 and 7 in Pors addition to the city of Marshfield; \$435.

Michalina Rubak to Malgorzata Marchefka. Lot 3, block 60, village of Nekosia; \$450.

John Hyland and wife to John Harkin. Lots 12, 13 and 14, block 27, city of Marshfield; \$450.

Peter K. Peterson to John W. Puerner and Samuel Puerner and Charles Fuller. 1 acre in sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of section 4, town of Marshfield.

Nicholas Pinion and wife to Jacob Pinion. W $\frac{1}{2}$  of lot 3 in block S, city of Marshfield; \$1,500.

John Arquette and wife to Math Mieson. Sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of the nw $\frac{1}{4}$  and ne $\frac{1}{4}$  of the sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of section 32, town of Richfield; \$762.

Benj. J. Burr and wife to Nelson E. Hilbert. W $\frac{1}{2}$  of the ne $\frac{1}{4}$ , section 9, town of Rock; \$300.

Albert Otto and wife to Ernest R. Behrenger. Ne $\frac{1}{4}$  of the ne $\frac{1}{4}$ , section 9, town of Milladore; \$500.

Louise Kerkow and husband to Edwin J. Hahn. Sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of the se $\frac{1}{4}$  and the se $\frac{1}{4}$  of the sw $\frac{1}{4}$  of the sw $\frac{1}{4}$ , section 10, town of Lincoln; \$200.

F. W. Welk and wife to Wm. Spooner. Fraction in section 36, town of Milladore; \$100.

Cranberry Growers' Meeting.

The sixteenth annual meeting of the Wisconsin State Cranberry Growers' association will be held on Tuesday, January thirteenth (13), 1903, in council rooms at 9 a. m. sharp. The public is cordially invited, and the following order of business, as fixed by the committee of arrangements, is herewith given:

Reading of Minutes.  
President's Address.—Chas. Briere.

Report of Statistician.  
Reports of Standing Committees.  
(a) Crop estimate. (b) Printing and publication.

Report of Special Committee. Legislation.  
Report of Treasurer.—M. O. Potter.

Election of Officers.  
Report of Keeper of Experimental Station.

Exhibit at Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904.

Cranberry Journal.

Question Box.

(1) Are smaller packages than barrel desirable?—J. B. Arpin, Grand Rapids.

(2) How many grades deemed advisable?—Edward Kruger, Cranmoor.

(3) Official inspection and branding.—E. K. Tuttle, Mather.

(4) "Sound Berries."—H. H. Gehardt, Black River Falls.

(5) Flooding for Winter.—Horace Miner, Berlin.

(6) Spring Draining.—Ralph Smith, Centralia.

Addresses, Articles, Reviews and Discussions.

Science and Art of Cranberry Growing.—Judge John A. Gaynor.

Past, Present and Future of the Cranberry.—D. S. Barr.

Best Methods of Handling Water.—Chas. S. Whittlesey.

Fruit Growing organization of California.—Ex-Pres. A. C. Bennett.

The State and the Cranberry.—Prof. E. P. Sandsten. [Horticulturist University of Wisconsin.]

Relation of Press to Producer and Purchaser.—"The Packer Man."

Small Packages from Retailers Point of View.—Chas. F. Kruger, [Johnson & Hill Co.]

Miscellaneous Business.  
By order of Executive Committee.  
W. H. FITCH, Sec'y.  
Cranmoor, Dec. 31st, 1902.

Domestic Troubles.

It is exceptional to find a family where there are no domestic ruptures occasionally, but these can be lessened by having Dr. King's New Life Pills around. Much trouble they save by their great work in Stomach and Liver troubles. They not only

Fishing Story.

In spite of the cold and snow last Tuesday evening the Epworth League enjoyed a fishing party that would be a treat to the most devoted follower of "The Father of Angling." When the attendance contest was begun three months ago the League was divided as evenly as possible into the "Reds" and the "Whites," it being agreed that the side scoring the lowest number of points at the close should entertain the other side. This obligation fell to the "Reds" who decided to give their opponents as well as themselves a chance to fish. We did not dare question the powers that be, but we have a suspicion that this entertainment was provided in order that the "Reds" might become more expert in securing points, should the occasion arise. On entering the parlors each guest was presented with a number which was duplicated. Great fun was manifested during the search for a partner with the right number and when he was found for each one the fishing began. Various devices were worn by twenty Epworthians to represent the different species of the funny tribe and the problem was to guess what particular fish each one represented. The prize, which created great amusement, was a small fish wrapped in tissue paper and tied with a ribbon. It was awarded to Miss Marguerite Granger. The novel plan of having those present fish for their supper created much merriment. One of the doors was screened high enough to prevent the fisherman from seeing the bait awaiting his hook. With high hopes he would raise his line, perhaps, to find on it only an empty basket. He was then obliged to try again when, if fortune favored him, his supper was his reward. Fish pond and other games were played by all who wished, and the fishing party proved to be a red letter event in Epworth League history.

Life on the Farm.

In his message, President Roosevelt puts the stamp of hearty approval on the rural free delivery system, and he sees more in it than the simple delivering of mail matter to the folks on the farm.

It is one of a host of modern things that are making life away from cities more pleasant and attractive; and some day, it is believed, the constant flow of young men and women from broad acres of land to crowded cities will be checked.

There are not enough successful farmers—progressive, wideawake and modern tillers of the soil. How can there be when the sons are not willing to follow in the footsteps of their fathers? These boys crave for excitement, luxuries, better clothing, the noise and bustle of a busy world.

In a good many instances these youngsters of the farm swap pure gold for dross; peace for discontent. They even make less money than could be wrested from the soil at home. They prefer to chase dollars in a crowd. They risk health and morals. There are temptations in a city that the farm dwellers know nothing of, and are blessed in their ignorance.

There are little towns that have been almost swept of their young men, while at the plow are greybeards; old fellows who need the help of sons, and mourn because of the city madness that has become epidemic.

The fountain of American prosperity is in the soil. We are still an agricultural nation, and wise men assert that we must remain such.

Anything that science, invention and new laws can do to make life on the farms more attractive to the young folks will have a bearing on the future welfare of the nation.

Cheap telephones, rural free mail delivery and interurban street railroads are putting the farms in touch with the test of city life and the result can only be good.—Ex.

The more Hart's Honey and Horehound is used the better it is liked. We know of nothing so good for croup or whooping cough. It is good when you first take cold. It is good when your cough is deep seated or your lungs sore or painful. It is good for any kind of a cough. Oran Hammond a railroad man at LeRoy, Ill., says, "that his success depends upon the condition of his health and that his lung trouble has been completely cured by using Hart's Honey and Horehound, after having tried other well known medicines without benefit." Sold by Sam Chubb, druggist.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals will be received by Otto J. Lea, town of Altdorf, Wood county, Wis., until the 15th of January, 1903, inclusive, for furnishing all material and doing all work necessary for the construction of a school building according to plans and specifications which can be found at the office of W. M. Martin, architect, Grand Rapids. The committee reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Tough on "Shredded Biscuit."

The cob industry is getting to be a great industry. In Indiana there is a large factory that utilizes millions of bushels of cobs and they are not manufactured into pipes either. A substance known as "corona" is made from the cobs which is a fine article that is supposed to enter largely into "shredded biscuit" and other similar articles of food. The work is carried on in secrecy and just what becomes of the output or to whom it is sold, no one knows. Verily we are coming back to the old saying, "cob and all."

I wonder how cob pancakes would go with glucose molasses or cob shredded biscuit with glucose sugar and an article called milk by city residents which is far from being the same article that is looked upon as such by farmers.—Wisconsin Farmer.

A Cure For Lumbago.

W. C. Williamson, of Amherst, Va., says: "For more than a year I suffered from lumbago. I finally tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it gave me entire relief, which all other remedies had failed to do." For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood Co. Drug Co.

—John Dengler's Capital for 5 cents

The Only Way to Advertise.

John Wismaker says: "There is only one way to advertise and that is to hammer your name, your location and your business so constantly, so persistently, so thoroughly into the people's heads that if they walk in their sleep they would constantly turn their faces toward your store. The newspaper is your best friend in spite of your criticism. It helps to build up the community that supports you. When the day comes that the newspapers are dead the people are near the edge of the grave, with no one to write their epitaph."

Let the gigantic establishments of Wismaker in Philadelphia and New York attest the truth of the foregoing. Witness the magnificent structure on State street, Chicago, the Marshall Field store. Go up and down the streets of your own city, of your own town, and you will almost invariably find that the size of a retail establishment relatively approximates the size of the advertisement carried in the local papers. Unto him that advertises shall be given. To him that advertises not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

It is a condition of affairs governed by fixed laws. It is but natural that the man who advertises is known. The locality of his store is known, and the quality of his goods is an open book to the public. So much for real advertising.

There are in Chicago two firms that do a business that runs annually far into the millions. How did they build this business? How did they place their names before a population of over seventy million people until those names have become a by-word in almost every home in the United States? By advertising alone. And the houses of Montgomery Ward and Sears, Roebuck stand today as monuments erected to men who pinned their faith to printer's ink and did not lose. What magic power is back of Force, of Omega Oil, of Uneda Biscuit, of Shredded Wheat Biscuit, and hundreds of other products that are today having an enormous sale in every town and in every village in the United States? Advertising again.

No business, be it local or general, may flourish or survive in this day of active advertising competition, unless it enters the lists and finds its way to its allotted place in the ranks of successful business undertaking.

Many of the ills from which women suffer can be completely cured with Rocky Mountain Tea. Rich, red blood, good digestion and health follow its use. 35 cents Johnson & Hill Co.

Unclaimed Letters.

West Side.  
List of letters unclaimed in the west side postoffice, for the week ending Jan. 5, 1903.

Brown, Anna  
Fontaine, Mattie  
Marty, Mary  
Schneider, Mrs. Wm  
Fontaine, A. D.  
Larson, L. S. P.  
Palmson, Julius

Reeder, John  
Ristow, Chas.  
Hives, Charles  
Wakely, Charley  
Weber, Alfred  
Weber, A. O.

Persons calling for the above named letters will please say "advertised."

R. A. McDONALD, Postmaster.

East Side.  
Following is the list of unclaimed letters in the east side postoffice, for the week ending Jan. 5, 1903:

Getzinger, Henry  
Hanneman, Albert  
Hanneman, Herman  
Kathman, A.  
Alysiand, Galleix

Reiter, John  
Jewell, Mattie  
Hills, Ellen  
Pulse, Mrs. August

Persons calling for the above please say "advertised."

A. L. FONTAINE, Postmaster.

Wonderful Nerve.

It displayed by many a man enduring pains of accidental Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, sore feet or stiff joints. But there's no need for it. Bucklen's Arnica Salve will kill the pain and cure the trouble. It's the best Salve on earth for Piles, too. 25c at John E. Daly, druggist.

Wausan Record: The St. Paul railway will put on two freight trains Saturday to make probably the longest log haul ever attempted in the state. The logs will be loaded about eight miles above Starlake and hauled to Junction City, a distance of 128 miles. Here they will be turned over to the Wisconsin Central for a 98 mile journey to Chippewa Falls, making the total length of the haul 226 miles. They are for the Chippewa Log and Boom Co. and will be manufactured into lumber at Chippewa Falls. Besides the long haul being a matter of moment, the case is peculiar in that these logs are naturally tributary to Wisconsin river valley mills and it seems there would be profit in having them cut into lumber at some of the valley mills.

To cure a cold in One Day.  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. F. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A dispatch from Marshfield says that the farmers and small mill owners living near Chili are engaged in an enterprise that would seem to suggest that the logging of pine in that section had reached the limit. During the early days when the pine forests in that particular locality seemed inexhaustible, corduroy roads across swamp lands were made out of pine logs that are as scarce today as they were plentiful then. This winter these logs are being exhumed and sawed into piece stuff which finds ready market at fancy prices. Strangely enough the timber is in a good state of preservation.

A Good Recommendation.  
"I have noticed that the sale on Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets is almost invariably to those who have once used them," says Mr. J. H. Webber, a prominent druggist of Cascade, Iowa. What better recommendation could any medicine have than for people to call for it when again in need of such a remedy? Try them when you feel dull after eating, when you have a bad taste in your mouth, feel bilious, have no appetite or when troubled with constipation, and you are certain to be delighted with the prompt relief which they afford. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood Co. Drug Co.

Market Prices.

The following are the market prices of produce in the city of Grand Rapids collected on the day of publication:

Potatoes, 1 bushel.....	31
Wheat, No. 2, bushel.....	1.70
Rye, 1 bushel.....	41
Oats, 1 bushel.....	32
Corn, shelled, 1 bushel.....	1.00
Hay, ensilage, 1 ton.....	4.50
Hay, meadow, 1 ton.....	5.50
Eggs, 1 dozen.....	45
Butter, 1 lb.....	18 1/2
Beans, 1 bushel.....	1.30 1/2
Peas, 1 bushel.....	1.70
Onions, 1 bushel.....	40
Beef, live, 100 lbs.....	\$2.00 1/2
Beef, dressed, 100 lbs.....	\$1.50 1/2
Pork, live.....	5.00
Pork, dressed.....	5.00
Veal, live, 100 lbs.....	6.50
Veal, dressed, 100 lbs.....	6.50
Chickens, live, 100 lbs.....	12.48
Chickens, dressed, 100 lbs.....	12.48
Turkeys, live, 100 lbs.....	8
Turkeys, dressed, 100 lbs.....	9.47
Flour, patent, 2 bbl.....	4.20
Feed, 1 ton.....	22.50
Middlings, 1 ton.....	16.50
Brm, 1 ton.....	16.00
Boiled Corn Meal, bbl.....	3.50
Lard, 100 lbs.....	12 1/2
Whole Hams, 100 lbs.....	12 1/2
Mess Pork, bbl.....	17.0

This Paper and Weekly Wisconsin

We have perfected clubbing arrangements whereby we can now offer both this paper and the Weekly Wisconsin for the low price of \$1.50 a year. The Weekly Wisconsin is a family newspaper unexcelled in reputation. Particular attention is devoted to the local news of the northwest. Its woman's page of matter every week is worth the cost of a paper.

—One big load of dry kindling wood delivered to any part of the city for \$1.25. BADGER BOX & LUMBER CO. Telephone No. 314.

VICTORIA, DEWEY, SUNBEAM

A WISE WOMAN

Knows that one of the first requisites in making good bread is to have first-class flour, and she will generally have it if it is obtainable.

A WISE MAN

Will always see to it that his wife has good flour and to make sure of the matter he will order VICTORIA, DEWEY or SUNBEAM.

GRAND RAPIDS MILLING CO.

WISSMER & PASSER,

Manufacturers of

HAVANA and

DOMESTIC

CIGARS.

5c—Bell Rose and Cuban Specials.

10c—El Puerto.

In our retail department may be found a full supply of Tobaccos and Cigars, Pipes and Smokers' Supplies. Patronage solicited.

WEST SIDE.

GROSS' OLD STAND.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

Johnson & Hill Co.

GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.

AFTER-HOLIDAY Clearing Sale

Now that the great holiday rush is over, giving us time to more carefully look over our stock, we find a great many broken lines, odds and edds, remnants, etc.

WE WANT TO CLEAN UP ON ALL WINTER GOODS.

We don't want to carry over anything in these lines and with this end in view we have cut the price deep, in some cases one-third.

Ladies' Jackets.

There may be those who have put off buying, waiting for these bargains. Now is the time. Prices greatly reduced. Furs and Fur Coats greatly reduced.

Portieres and Couch Covers.

At 10 to 20 per cent discount during clearance sale.

Blankets and Quilts.

Blankets at 50c to \$10 per pair. All must go before Feb. 1st.

School Shoes.

Ask to see our \$1.25 and \$1.50 school shoes for girls.

Carpets and Rugs.

Don't forget we keep the finest line of carpets in Wood county.

Broken Lines of Men's, Boys' and Children's SUITS.

There are a great number of suits only one or two of a line left but a great assortment and sizes to fit all in the entire lot. The price is cut deep. Now is the time.

Shawls! Shawls!

All wool shawls at almost your own price.

Night Robes.

Outing Flannel night robes—a complete new line.

Overshoes and Rubbers.

Did you get a poor pair somewhere. Come here when you want another pair. We will give you good ones and cheap too.

Remember we guarantee everything. Money refunded if not right. Come in and help us clear the decks for the oncoming season.

JOHNSON & HILL COMPANY

DEPARTMENT STORE.

EAST SIDE.

GRAND RAPIDS.

**FRANK A. CADY,**  
Attorney at Law.  
Offices in Wood Block, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin. A general law business conducted.

**REAL ESTATE MATTERS A SPECIALTY**  
If you want to sell your farm or house and lot, list it to sell with me. If you want to buy a farm, a house in the city, or wild land, let me tell you where you can do so cheaply and best. Real estate loans and investments negotiated. Defective Titles Protected.

**GOGGINS & BRAZEAU,**  
Attorneys at Law.  
Office in the Mackinon Block on the West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**WHEELAN & WHEELAN,**  
Attorneys at Law.  
Office in the Daily Block on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**B. M. VAUGHAN,**  
Attorney at Law.  
Real Estate Bought and Sold on Commission. Gardner Block, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**W. J. CONWAY,**  
Attorney at Law.  
Offices in Court House, East Side, and Mackinon Block, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**CONWAY & JEFFREY,**  
Attorneys at Law.  
Law, Loans and Collections. We have \$20,000 which will be loaned at a low rate of interest. Office over First National Bank, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**GEO. H. METCALFE,**  
Attorney at Law.  
Office in Mackinon block on the west side, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

**J. W. COCHRAN,**  
Attorney at Law.  
Office over the Bank, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis. Will practice in all courts of the state.

**JOHN A. GAYNOR,**  
Attorney at Law.  
Office over the Postoffice on the East Side. Will practice in all courts.

**DR. ROBT. F. ERLER,**  
Dentist.  
Teeth extracted and filled without pain. Fillings in gold and rubber plates. Office in Corriean Building on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. O. T. HOUGEN,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Office over Daily drug store on east side, Grand Rapids. Office phone No. 31, residence No. 162.

**DR. W. D. HARVIE,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Specialty of eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses accurately fitted. Office over Cohen's store, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. J. J. LOOZE,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Telephone No. 62. Residence telephone No. 230. Office over Wood County Drug Store on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. A. L. RIDGMAN,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Telephone No. 92. Residence phone No. 23. Office over Church's Drug Store on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. F. POMAINVILLE,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Telephone at office, 50, 35; residence No. 248. Office in rear of Stebb's Drug Store on East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. D. WATERS,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Night Calls at Dixon House, telephone No. 55. Office over Church's Drug Store, telephone 182, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. CHAS. POMAINVILLE,**  
Dentist.  
Telephone No. 216. Office in Pomainville Block West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. D. A. TELFER,**  
Dentist.  
Office over Wood County National Bank on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. F. D. HUMPHREY,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Graduate Homeopathic and Allopathic Schools. Special attention given to women and children and all chronic diseases. Office over Candy Kitchen, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. A. B. CRAWFORD,**  
Dentist.  
High grade service at reasonable fees. Office in Reiland Building on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**Poor Minnesota.**  
The Madison Democrat says: "Poor Minnesota! Her court has decided, so it is said, that wife-beating is 'legal' in that state. Now mark the consequences: Immigration will cease. There will be an end of marrying. Girls will consent only on the condition that they are not to live in that state. The strong minded wives will insist that their husbands sell out and move to more humane regions. In vain will the husbands plead that they do not intend to assert this right. The wives will reply that the rule generally is that the men are just as mean as the law allows and most always a little meaner. The Minnesota court will be talked about in the woman's clubs and tea parties in a way that will be very tiresome to the judicial ears of gopherdom."

## SHORT LOCALS

Mayor Wheeler is in Eau Claire on legal business.

Geo. N. Wood spent Sunday with friends in Ripon.

C. R. Boles spent Sunday with friends at Marshfield.

The Woman's club meets with Mrs. Lipke next Monday evening.

Atty. B. R. Goggins was in Wausau on Saturday on legal business.

The Travel class meets with Mrs. I. P. Witter on Monday afternoon.

William Gebhardt spent Sunday at Mosinee, visiting among friends.

Fred Kruger transacted business in Milwaukee the latter part of the week.

Frank Garrison and E. T. Harmon were in Chicago the first of the week.

Mrs. Frank Sheehan of Portage spent New Years with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Anderson of Marshfield were in the city over New Year the guest of Mrs. Anderson's parents.

Seth Jones came up from Fond du Lac to spend New Year day with parents and other relatives and friends.

The engagement of Miss Florence Phillee to Guy Nash has been made public.

A. L. Akey of Biron was among the callers at the Tribune office on Monday.

Mrs. A. B. Crawford spent Sunday in Marshfield with her son Albert and friends.

Joseph Cohen went to Wausau on Sunday to attend to some business matters.

B. Brill and son of Stevens Point were in the city one day last week on business.

W. J. Clark of Radolph was a pleasant caller at the Tribune office on Friday.

Mrs. John Biringer of Merrill is the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. W. Mosher, this week.

John Ole of Duluth is a guest of his brother Lewis Ole of the east side this week.

Cusher W. Kusserow of New London was the guest at the Noetzel home for a few days.

Seth Smith and Owen Peck of Nasonville were business visitors in the city on Tuesday.

Contractor Will Ole of Stevens Point was a business visitor in the city on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Leonard spent Sunday at Wrightstown visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. John O'Day and daughters spent the holidays in our city visiting relatives and friends.

W. H. Remington and T. Cummings of Babcock were business visitors in the city on Saturday.

Miss Mollie McGloin was the guest of Miss Mattie Powers at Marshfield last week.

Miss Sarah Mundinger of Port Edwards was a visitor at the home of Rev. Bittner this week.

Chas. Pasineau who is employed at Minocqua spent the holidays with his parents on the west side.

Bert Sensible of Michigan was the guest of his uncle, officer John Garilue a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Zillmer were called to Watertown last week to attend the funeral of a relative.

Mrs. Mayme Wheeler and son Roy, of Chippewa Falls were guests of Mrs. Hugh Goggins over Sunday.

Attys. E. M. Deming and E. C. Pors of Marshfield transacted legal business in the city on Monday.

Judge Andrews and Officer Mike Griffin of Marshfield were business callers in the city on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reed of Necedah spent New Years at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Kellogg.

Miss Floy Phillee expects to leave today for Tomahawk to visit a week with her sister, Mrs. J. D. Cutter.

Miss Delia Larson of Marshfield visited friends in the city over New Years, returning home on Friday.

Ernest Kellner is now traveling for a tobacco house in Virginia. His territory is in Northern Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Fox spent several days last week in Plainfield visiting among relatives and friends.

Stephen Brazeau left on Sunday for Ann Arbor, Mich., where he will take his studies again in the medical school.

William Pribbanow went to Merrill on Monday to be gone for some time on business for the F. MacKinnon Mfg. Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. M. Okoneski are the happy parents of a baby girl, the little stranger arriving at the 4th instant.

Mr. and Mrs. Theby of Appleton, who had been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Lipke, left the early part of last week for their home.

Miss Elsie Hutchinson, office lady at Dr. Humphrey's, returned on Monday from Elroy, where she had been spending the holidays with relatives.

Miss Emma Dugas, who has been visiting with Mrs. Clarissa Arpin, returns to her home at Menominee tomorrow.

A. L. Kromer of Ashland is expected to arrive in the city tomorrow to visit his relatives and friends here for a few days.

Ed. Whitney expects to leave today for Hamburg, Arkansas, where he has accepted a position with a lumber company.

Edward Kostka, the east side tailor, is having his shop greatly improved in appearance with the use of paint and paper.

Frank Mettelka of Marshfield played the clarinet in the Monarch orchestra at the Fireman's ball New Years night.

Mrs. D. G. Webster of Merrill spent several days here the first of the week the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Wildfang.

Fred Laborer who is now employed as shipping clerk in a paper mill at Shawano, spent a few days here last week with relatives.

Mrs. W. S. Buckley and children of Telluride, Colorado, who have been the guests of Mrs. C. Arpin, left for their home on Saturday.

The Stevens Point Journal states that a marriage license has been issued to Albert Kabisak of this city to Anna Knock of Plover.

Miss Mae Duggan, who is teaching at Hurley, was in the city several days the past week the guest of her sister, Miss Laura Duggan.

Miss Agnes Waters, who is visiting Dr. and Mrs. McGregor at Nekeosha, was in the city over New Year day to visit her brother, Dr. D. Waters.

Mrs. Geo. Fisher of Wausau, who has been the guest of her son-in-law, I. Zimmerman the past two weeks returned to her home on Saturday.

Richard Wiperman gave a farewell party, Saturday evening in honor of Harry Gardner, at his home. Everyone reports a most enjoyable time.

Miss Eleonora Bittner left on Tuesday for Watertown to pursue her studies in the Northwestern university after a pleasant holiday vacation.

Laurence Nash, of St. Louis, Mo., was in the city several days last week the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Nash, returning to his work on Monday.

A party was held on Friday evening at the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Ridgman in honor of Miss Mae Duggan. The evening was spent in playing cards.

Miss Belle Harding left Saturday for Columbus, where she has accepted a position as teacher in the drafting department of the Adams dressmaking college.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Kromer and Miss Helen Kromer were in Stevens Point on Saturday to attend the funeral of Chas. Oster. Mrs. Kromer is still at the Point.

Miss Alice Raegan has resigned her position as stenographer at the Oberbeck Bros. Manufacturing Co. and departed for her home in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Attorney Gerhard Dahl of Stevens Point was in the city on Monday on legal business. Mr. Dahl is the recently elected district attorney of Portage county.

Misses Gussie and Louise Noetzel departed to resume their vocations in New London and Oshkosh respectively, after having spent the holidays with their parents.

Supervisor E. Mechler of Marshfield was in the city on Monday for a short time, being on his way home from Kilbourn where he had been to attend the funeral of his mother.

Henry Hartl and wife of Neillsville arrived in the city last week and expect to make this their home. Mr. Hartl having accepted a position a carver at the furniture factory.

Miss Libbie Miller and brothers, Grant and Will, left Stevens Point the first of the week for Albuquerque, N. M. to spend the winter and may decide to remain there permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Freeman left on January 1st for Menominee, Mich., where they will make their home with their daughter, Mrs. Woodford. They leave many friends in Grand Rapids.

Lucian Berard and family have moved into their home on Law street. Alfred, who has been seriously ill, is much improved but will not be able to resume his duties as teacher at Blenker.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Warner returned on Saturday from Marshfield. Mr. Warner has leased the residence recently vacated by F. A. Cady and will occupy the premises with his family.

Mrs. M. Mathews of Saratoga who spent the past three weeks helping her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Frechette settle in her new home and spending the holidays, returned to her home on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Fleckenstein of Marshfield were in the city on Friday and Saturday of last week. Mr. Fleckenstein installed the officers in the Forester lodge on Friday evening, he being deputy chief ranger.

Fred Turbin, who has been employed in the clothing store of Kruger & Cameron, is confined to home with an attack of pneumonia. He was quite sick last week, but is somewhat better at this time.

Albert Lathrop who has been acting as baggage man at the St. Paul depot for some time has been promoted to a position as operator and he commenced his duties at Babcock. He is succeeded by Will Hamm of Rudolph.

Martin Christenson and family of Loyal spent Friday and Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dudley of the west side. They were on their way home from Minneapolis where they had been spending the holidays.

M. A. Bogeger was down from Merrill the latter part of last week to spend a few days with his family. Mr. Bogeger reports himself as well pleased with his investment at Merrill and expects to remove his family the spring.

John Rice and Miss Jessie Rice of West Superior are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Lutz. On Saturday evening Miss Estella Lutz gave a party in honor of the visitors, about twenty being present. Those present report a good time.

A party consisting of Mrs. E. B. de Nevers, Mrs. J. Z. Arpin, Miss Florette de Nevers, Mrs. W. S. Buckley and Roy Nash went to Stevens Point on Wednesday to attend a party of the Twentieth Century club at the home of E. J. Pfiffer.

I love thee, O yes I love thee. But it's all that I can ever be. For in my visions in the night, My dreams are Rocky Mountain Tea. —Johnson & Hill Co.

—Mr. Earl Dine and a competent cast will be at the Grand Opera House Jan. 18th in Dames' great drama, "The Man in the Iron Mask." Mr. Dine's return this city will be heralded by many of the local theatre goers who remember him as Mephisto in his famous production of Faust, which showed here two years ago.

While funeral services were being held in the Methodist Episcopal church at Marshfield Sunday over the remains of G. A. Lupieant, an old soldier, a defective furnace set fire to the floor directly under the casket. A rush for the doors was made, and the coffin was carried out over the seats. When the cortege was returning from the graveyard the Rev. Mr. McKinney, the officiating pastor, was struck by a runaway team and sustained serious injuries.

Advertising is not an experiment, nor is it an art, nor is it a chance. It is a business proposition. It requires the thought of the business man and must have the care which would be given to any other business investment. The space used must be filled with values which will interest so that the results may prove all that could be desired by the average business man.

R. C. Dowsett, secretary of the Wisconsin conference of the Seventh Day Adventists, was in the city on Friday on his way from Milwaukee to Bethel. Mr. Dowsett stated that the place of holding the 1903 camp meeting of the society had not been definitely decided upon at this time but that it would probably be at Marshfield or else in this city again. He spoke very highly of the way in which the members of the society had been treated in this city and said most of them would like to come here again.

Chilton Times: B. R. Goggins of Grand Rapids, this state, and Wm. Goggins, of the state of Washington, spent a few days in this city and vicinity the forepart of this week, visiting the scenes of their childhood. The former gentleman is recognized as one of the leading attorneys of the bar of Northern Wisconsin. The latter has been absent from this country for the past fifteen years, spending the greater portion of the time in the state of Washington, where he has been engaged in mining and conducting a cattle ranch. Both were heartily welcomed by old friends and neighbors.

Here's philosophy for you, laid down by Michigan's chronic kicker, Editor Keyes, of Lexington:

"The simplest and plainest laws of health are outraged every hour of the day by the average man. Did Adam smoke? Did Eve wear corsets? Did Solomon chew tobacco? Did Ruth chew gum? Did the children of Israel make for a beer garden after crossing the Red Sea? Did Rebecca eat chocolates and ice cream and call for soda water?" This is a bunch of questions difficult of answering. Taking it for granted that they were not addicted to any of the quoted follies, we can only suggest that they missed a lot of fun, if they didn't participate in these "naughties."

Fond du Lac Reporter: The "Card of Thanks," is a thing seldom seen nowadays. There was a time when a death in the family always called forth a card of thanks from the bereaved relatives. Sometimes the expressions of grief in these cards were so at variance with the real sentiment of the survivors that they were ridiculous. Today many papers refuse to print these cards unless they are paid for at regular advertising rates. At the best they are but an advertisement of grief, of no interest to the general public, better dispensed with.

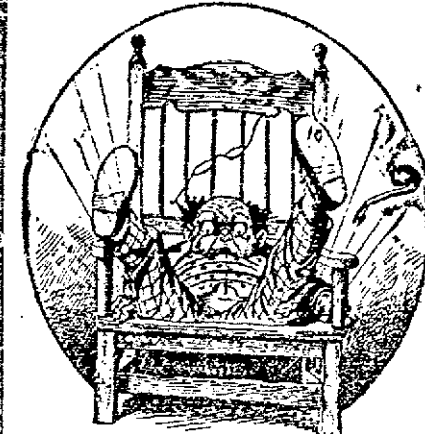
The U. S. Civil Service Commission reports that for the year ending June 30, 1902, there were 14,983 persons appointed from its registers. This was 4,692 more than was ever before appointed in a single year. Anyone wishing information about these positions can secure it free by writing to the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. The Commission will hold examinations to secure young men and women for these places during March and April, at La Crosse, Madison, Milwaukee and Stevens Point. Many people do not know that these appointments are made without political influence and that a large share of them are filled by those having only a common school education, but such is the case.

Wausau Pilot: "Brotherly Love" is not over knee deep among the editors in Barron county. In his last issue the pencil pusher of the Barron Weekly Call referred to one of his brother editors as follows:

"The sliuk who would grovel in the mire for a counterfeit penny with a hole in it, whom it is easy to prove is a prevaricator; a plagiarist, stealing the brains of men and doing them up in a newspaper, yclept rag; a pretender with a forced, hectic laugh; a scavenger and tool for men who desire to rule; a drinker who was put to sleep by liquor in the West hotel through fear of one Tug Wilson whom he had maligned; a dinger, who pesters the merchants every day in the year; a smirking, groveling, penny-grabbing, specimen of humanity whom God must have created after first building the jackass; a thing on earth with a bald pate and a red halo snrounding a unful of nothingness; a narrow, egotistical ouen of evil; this specimen of the human race attempted to hire the only help we had in the office with hope of injuring The Call and perhaps forcing it to the wall. He failed in his effort, however, and the paper was issued as usual."

A Marvelous Invention.

Wonders never cease. A machine has been invented that will cut, paste and hang wall paper. The field of inventions and discoveries seems to be unlimited. Notable among great discoveries is Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It has done a world of good for weak and saved many a life. Thousands have used it and conquered Grip, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption. Their general verdict is: "It's the best and most reliable medicine for throat and lung troubles. Every 50c and \$1.00 bottle is guaranteed by John E. Daly druggist. Trial bottles free.



and get our prices on that lumber you're going to buy before going any further.

Our yards are well stocked with the best material on the market and if we can't please you both in quality and price, that's our fault not yours. Let us give you an estimate anyway, that won't cost you a cent.

**Kellogg Bros. Lumber Co.**  
YARDS AT  
GRAND RAPIDS, NEKOOSA, W. GRAND RAPIDS.

## CENTRALIA HARDWARE COMPANY

DEALERS IN  
**SLEIGHS and CUTTERS**

.....  
Just received a carload of the latest designs in sleighs and cutters which as usual will be sold at a very close margin. Hand sleighs, Boys, and Girls' Skates, Ladies' and Gents' Skates, a full line of goods of this character.

Centralia Hardware Company,  
WEST SIDE, - - GRAND RAPIDS.

## NEW LINE OF SUITINGS

**JUST ARRIVED!**

It won't cost you a cent to look at them and you may find what you want.

**EDW. KOSTKA,**  
TAILOR.

M. J. Slattery's Old Stand. East Side, Grand Rapids.

## The HOT BLAST Stove

Is one of the greatest fuel savers on earth. It will burn anything from cornstalks to hard coal.

Makes more heat than any other stove on the market. Come and see the way they work. Two of them in constant use at

**D. M. HUNTINGTON'S,**  
East Side Near City Hall.



Remarkable Cure of Croup  
A Little Boy's Life Saved.  
I have a few words to say regarding Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I saved my little boy's life and I feel that I cannot praise it enough. I bought a bottle of it from A. E. Steer of Goodwin, S. D., and when I got home with it the poor baby could hardly breathe. I gave the medicine as directed every ten minutes until he "threw up" and then I thought sure he was going to choke to death. We had to pull the phlegm out of his mouth in great long strings. I am positive that if I had not got that bottle of cough medicine, my boy would be on earth today.—Juel Demont, Inwood, Iowa. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

Building Lots for Sale.  
—Forty building lots in first ward from 75 to \$150. Also good 10 room dwelling and lot 80x120.  
E. I. PHILLIPS.

Notice of Application.  
Wood County Court—In Probate.  
STATE OF WISCONSIN, ss  
County of Wood.  
In the matter of the Estate of Mary Hutton, deceased.  
On this 27th day of December, A. D. 1902, upon reading and filing the petition of George Hutton stating that Mary Hutton, of the county of Wood, died intestate, on or about the 14th day of December, 1902, and praying that George Hutton or some other suitable person be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased.

It is ordered, That said application be heard before me, at the probate office in the court house in the city of Grand Rapids, said Wood County, on the 31st day of February, A. D. 1903, at 2 o'clock p. m., the same being a regular term.  
And it is further ordered, That notice of the time and place appointed for hearing said application be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper published in said county, previous to the time appointed for said hearing.  
By the Court, W. J. GOSWAY, County Judge.

Notice of Application.  
Wood County Court.  
STATE OF WISCONSIN, ss  
County of Wood.  
In the matter of the Estate of Nels Johnson, deceased.  
On this 30th day of December, A. D. 1902, upon reading and filing the petition of Nels Johnson stating that Nels Johnson, of the county of Wood, died intestate, on or about the 17th day of December, 1902, and praying that the petitioner be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased.

It is ordered, That said application be heard before me, at the probate office in the city of Grand Rapids, on the 27th day of January, A. D. 1903 at ten o'clock a. m.  
And it is further ordered, That notice of the time and place appointed for hearing said application be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper printed in said county, previous to the time appointed for said hearing.  
By the Court, W. J. GOSWAY, County Judge.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.  
South, Duane, North, Duane  
A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.  
Marshfield..... 7:30 9:20 10:45 6:35  
St. Paul..... 7:35 9:25 10:50 6:40  
Vesper..... 8:40 9:30 10:55 6:45  
Grand Rapids..... 8:45 9:35 11:00 6:50  
Port Edwards..... 8:50 9:40 11:05 6:55  
Nekeosau..... 8:55 9:45 11:10 7:00

Minneapolis..... 7:25 9:15 10:40 6:35  
St. Paul..... 7:30 9:20 10:45 6:40  
Rush Prairie..... 8:40 9:30 10:55 6:45  
Chippewa Falls..... 11:30 1:00 1:30 8:50  
P. M. A. M.  
Marshfield..... 2:10 10:45 9:45  
Grand Rapids..... 2:15 9:50 9:55

Ashland..... P. M. A. M.  
Duluth..... 11:15 11:15  
Tickets sold and baggage checked at all principal points in the United States and Canada. For rates and other information apply at the ticket office.  
C. W. HOUSE, Agent.

NORTHWESTERN LINE.  
South, Duane, North, Duane  
P. M. P. M. P. M. A. M.  
Chicago..... 11:15 9:55 3:00 1:25  
Milwaukee..... 10:25 9:05 5:15 1:55  
Pond in Lac..... 10:35 9:15 6:25 10:35

Red Granite Jet..... A. M.  
Spring Lake..... 11:15 10:35  
Red Granite..... 10:55 10:35  
P. M.  
Red Granite Jet..... 6:50 11:30 8:35 11:50  
Waukegan..... 6:55 11:35 8:40 12:55  
Wild Rose..... 6:55 11:35 8:40 12:55  
Auburn..... 6:55 11:35 8:40 12:55  
Bancroft..... 6:55 11:35 8:40 12:55  
Kellner..... 6:55 11:35 8:40 12:55  
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Vesper..... 6:55 11:35 8:40 12:55  
Auburn..... 6:55 11:35 8:40 12:55  
Marshfield..... 6:55 11:35 8:40 12:55

All trains daily except Sunday.  
J. C. WILLARD, Agent.  
C. M. & S. L. P. R.  
TRAINS NORTH.  
No. 3 Pass., daily except Sunday..... 7:02 A. M.  
No. 3 F. freight, daily except Sunday..... 5:30 P. M.  
No. 2 S. freight, daily except Sunday..... 11:15 A. M.  
No. 2 Pass., daily except Sunday..... 10:40 A. M.

TRAINS SOUTH.  
No. 2 Passenger, daily..... 9:40 P. M.  
No. 2 F. freight, daily except Sunday..... 12:37 P. M.  
No. 3 F. freight, daily except Sunday..... 2:15 P. M.  
All Passenger trains make close connections at New Lisbon east and west.  
J. M. SCHLATTERER, Agent.

G. B. & W. R. R. Co.  
No. 1 Passenger going West leave 11:30 A. M.  
No. 3..... arrive 9:30 P. M.  
No. 9 Freight..... leave 4:10 A. M.  
No. 7..... arrive 7:30 P. M.  
No. 1 Passenger, going East leave 6:40 A. M.  
No. 2..... leave 2:42 P. M.  
No. 3 Freight..... leave 5:00 A. M.  
No. 10..... arrive 6:15 P. M.  
V. W. MILLER, Agent.

CITY MEAT MARKET.  
Fresh, Salt and Smoked MEATS.  
All kinds of Fish, Poultry and Sausages. Cash paid for Hides and Pelts. Prompt delivery of orders, wholesale and retail.  
N. REILAND,  
TEL. 275. EAST SIDE.  
GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

See Repudiated the Charge.  
At the man's service in a Yacht, the man who had been repudiated the charge of being a thief, was found to be a thief. The man who had been repudiated the charge of being a thief, was found to be a thief. The man who had been repudiated the charge of being a thief, was found to be a thief.

Building Lots for Sale.  
—Forty building lots in first ward from 75 to \$150. Also good 10 room dwelling and lot 80x120.  
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By the Court, W. J. GOSWAY, County Judge.

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By the Court, W. J. GOSWAY, County Judge.

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Port Edwards..... 8:50 9:40 11:05 6:55  
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Rush Prairie..... 8:40 9:30 10:55 6:45  
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P. M. A. M.  
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Waukegan..... 6:55 11:35 8:40 12:55  
Wild Rose..... 6:55 11:35 8:40 12:55  
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CITY MEAT MARKET.  
Fresh, Salt and Smoked MEATS.  
All kinds of Fish, Poultry and Sausages. Cash paid for Hides and Pelts. Prompt delivery of orders, wholesale and retail.  
N. REILAND,  
TEL. 275. EAST SIDE.  
GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

Roast Pig is a Lamb in China.  
A correspondent of the North China Herald writes this dissertation upon roast pig: "How little western writers understand the Chinese! Who has not read and rejoiced over Lamb's 'Dissertation Upon Roast Pig'? It is not everybody who has the chance of seeing Lamb's fascinating story worked out in real life. In the beginning of the present Chinese year I passed through a busy market village where the people kept many pigs. In the middle of the night a fire broke out in the market village and destroyed the whole place. No lives had been lost, but most of the pigs had been roasted, especially those too fat to run quickly. Roast pigs! Burning houses! Lamb's story in real life! Quite naturally I remarked that some folk must have had a splendid meal of roast pork in those days. To my surprise the natives asked with disgust: 'A splendid meal! Who would eat that stinking, smoky stuff?' The palate of the Chinaman absolutely rejects smoky roast pork! All that magnificent epicurean description culminating in the one word 'crackling'—a delusion, a yarn, a lie! I glared over that yarn when a boy and grew excited as the story went from one page to another. Now to find the whole thing go up in smoke!"

Building Lots for Sale.  
—Forty building lots in first ward from 75 to \$150. Also good 10 room dwelling and lot 80x120.  
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Grand Rapids..... 8:45 9:35 11:00 6:50  
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Ashland..... P. M. A. M.  
Duluth..... 11:15 11:15  
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FARM GARDEN.  
A FARM DERRICK.  
Useful For Hanging Hogs or Bees and Raising Bulky Objects.  
An easily constructed derrick is shown in the cut from Ohio Farmer. This kind of arrangement will be most useful in butchering, for suspending a hog for scalding or raising a beef to be dressed, and will come in handy for other purposes, as raising a bulky object a short distance when loading on a sled. Three good strong poles about fourteen feet long will do for the derrick legs, or three pieces of heavy dimension stuff may be used if more convenient. Level off the tops of two of the poles on one side and flatten the top of the third. Bore a hole through the tops of all three poles. Set the poles up tripod fashion and fasten at the top by a bolt. The poles should not be bolted too tight, but just so as to allow the foot of the middle pole to be moved in or out from the ground center. Connect the other two poles by a couple of iron rods or wooden cross-pieces. The rods may be fitted in holes in the legs or the crosspieces attached with bolts, but in either case they should be adjustable or be attached not permanently, but to admit of being moved to adjust the pitch of the legs. The two legs thus braced rest against stakes driven in the ground, and the third leg brought toward them at the foot raises the top of the derrick. The force that the derrick will exert on a lifting rope or chain attached to its apex is increased as the movable leg is brought nearer perpendicular. The illustration shows how a rope, spreader and singletree may be used with a horse for operating the derrick. When the derrick is not in use, the rods or crosspieces may be removed, the top bolt loosened and the legs swung together, making it easy to load on a wagon for transportation somewhere else or to be stored out of the way.

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FARMERS' WEIRS.  
A Practical Presentation of One Method of Measuring Water.  
In Bulletin No. 34 of the Montana Experiment Station Director S. Fortier gives a concise description, easily made available by farmers for practical use, of one method of measuring water. Among other things Professor Fortier says: For occasional measurements the earthen channel of a ditch or canal answers all purposes, but when more accurate and continuous measurements are desired rating flumes are usually constructed. These consist of wooden flumes as wide as the water channel and from eight to twenty-four feet in length, placed to conform with the grade of the canal. The velocity of the water is found by a current meter, and the depth of water is often recorded on a sheet attached to a self-registering machine which needs attention only every seventh day.  
A weir box usually consists of a flume with the lower end enclosed. In the middle of the top of the lower end a notch is cut, through which the water to be measured flows. Weirs require no instruments other than a foot-rule. They are easily and cheaply made and measure flowing water within 2 per cent of accuracy when all the requisite conditions are fulfilled. Weir boxes as compared with miners' inch boxes are more accurate, can be built for the same if not for less money and can be used to measure much larger volumes. The chief defects of this device are that the box often fills with sediment, which must be removed, and that the water as it issues from the notch requires a drop of at least double the depth of water flowing through the notch.  
For nearly half a century western irrigators have tried to devise a way by which water might be measured as it flows through a headgate. They hoped to make one structure answer two purposes. In this they have failed for the reason that water is so much agitated and so irregular in flow as it passes through a headgate as to render it impossible to secure an accurate measurement. Of late years, measuring boxes have been placed at the most suitable points below the headgates, and the latter control the stream while the former indicate the volumes. This rule applies to weirs. It is well to have a space of at least fifty feet between the two structures, and if a better site can be secured farther down the ditch the intervening distance may be increased to several hundred feet.  
Professor Foster's pamphlet contains working drawings for four weir boxes intended to be placed near the headgates of farmers' laterals that direct water from natural streams or canals; also a weir box for the head of a large lateral that will measure sufficient water to supply the needs of from five to fifteen farmers. This publication is the first of a series of farmers' bulletins on irrigation topics.  
A New Crop of "Get Rich" Schemes.  
The country is being flooded with circulars put out by the rapidly increasing number of "companies" whose ostensible purpose is to enable people to buy a home or a farm on easy terms. There are various modifications of the plan, which is in effect a chain scheme. It works all right as long as new members flock in, but comes to an end if "members" fail to pay up. Many societies, organizations and companies have worked more or less similar schemes, but in the end they must all fizzle out. But since a new crop of these promoters is now flooding the rural districts with their circulars it behooves farmers to have their wits about them.—American Agriculturist.  
New Western Demand For Wheat.  
A significant movement that, the calling for upward of 500,000 bushels of wheat from the spring wheat territory for shipment to Pangel sound. It is understood that a considerable business of this character is planned, the wheat to be ground on the coast for the Australian trade, that faroff continent being a buyer of some magnitude in American markets. This western demand for wheat which usually seeks an eastern outlet ought to prove a healthy stimulus to prices, and, of even greater importance, may do something to further widen permanently our foreign trade in breadstuffs.—Orange Judd Farmer.  
News and Notes.  
Lettuce in frames needs plenty of air whenever the temperature is at the thawing point or above.  
The commercial development of peat bogs is gaining some attention in New England as well as in Illinois and Wisconsin.  
A gasoline engine boom seems to be on. Many farmers report enthusiastically on them through the various farm papers.  
Poor Ben Davis! Not a few people think they see his finish.  
It is reported that American capitalists have bought 2,000,000 acres of farming land in northwest Ontario on which they will settle about 12,500 families from New England and other parts of the United States.

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A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.  
Marshfield



# Wrinkles Or No Wrinkles

By Zoe Anderson Norris

Copyright, 1917, by Zoe Anderson Norris

ANN SIMPSON sat in her armchair by the window, across which was drawn a snowy dotted swiss curtain, nodding. By and by she roused with a start and, suppressing a groan, looked toward the door.

"Was it somebody knocked?" she queried. Then, "Come in," she called. "Come right on in."

The door opened, and a young woman in a slatted sunbonnet stood on the threshold.

"For the land's sake, Sally," cried Miss Simpson, "shut the door! 'Tis flies, the flies!"

Sally hastily shut the door and stood against it, sunbonnet off and in hand. "There!" she exclaimed triumphantly and drawing a chair close to Ann's.



"TAKIN' UP THE LIGHT, SHE RAISED IT ABOVE HER HEAD."

"Now tell me all about the wedding," she begged. "Begin at the beginnin' an' tell me every little thing about it, Ann."

Ann, looking at the clock ticking loudly on the mantelpiece, drew aside the curtain and peered from it to the house across.

"They must be gone by now," she whispered. "An' I slept through their goin'."

"They are gone," said Sally. "I met the carriages as I was comin' up the street. But they'll be back again, an' you can see them then. Why wa'n't you at the weddin'?"

"You don't suppose, now," asked Ann, with some asperity, "it was on account of the want of an invitation, do you? There it is on the mantelpiece by the clock if you'd like to see it to convince yourself."

"No. That wa'n't why. It was this rheumatiz. When there's anything I want particularly to 'tend, it takes me down. That was why I was took down yesterday."

"But don't you think for a second that Lavinia'll forget me. She ain't that sort. There ain't a kinder hearted soul in this here town than Lavinia. She'll send me some of every little thing she's got on the table an' a piece of the weddin' cake besides to dream on tonight."

"Lavinia's already sent me some of the flowers what belongs to her weddin'." Ann continued. "There they are on the little table in the corner. Get up an' sniff 'em."

"You hardly know," she went on as Sally obediently got up, buried her nose in the roses for the space of a fragrant moment and sat down again. "what I think of this here weddin' of Lavinia's. It's mighty strange the way it come about. You see, I know it all from beginnin' to end, from the very start, datin' back to that first husband of her'n, what was, without any exaggeration, the meanest white man that ever put foot on top of earth."

"Yes, it's just as I say—the meanest white man what ever put foot on top of earth. You couldn't, that is to say, lay a finger on him an' say, 'This man's a burglar or a thief or a cutthroat or an all round desperado.' No. He might 'a' been a better man if you could. An' out an' out desperado ain't often understand an' mean, like this husband of Lavinia's—mean clean to the bone—one of them men what's afraid to tackle a good sized man of his own sex, but what 'il delight in breakin' the heart of a woman by inches in wringin' it an' wringin' it till she's nothin' but a bundle of sons an' means an' tears."

"Well, it was them tears he made Lavinia shed what brought the wrinkles under her eyes. He wa'n't worth no tears. No man is; not a tear nor a sigh nor a sob. But what woman will believe that? Lavinia wouldn't for one. She'd 'a' every little, mean, triflin' thing he done to her set her palpitatin' with misgivin' same 's if it had been said by somebody worth trustin' about, somebody whose opinion was worth somethin'."

"It's the way with women. Well, in the course of time he died, an' I was glad. 'Lookin' at the wrinkles under Lavinia's eyes cut by the tears he had made her shed, I wa'n't much inclined to grieve for her husband. But Lavinia! A softer hearted woman never lived in this town than Lavinia. She followed him to the grave, sobbin' fit to kill, exactly 's if he'd been the best husband in the world, the best the Lord had

ever made. Instead of one he'd send—suddenly syphoned in the matter."

"Anyway Lavinia, as I say, followed him to the grave sheddin' big tears an' tremblin', all over black from the crown of her head to the soles of her little feet. I didn't go to the funeral. I didn't have it in my heart to pretend to grief I didn't feel. But when she come back I went over to her house an' says to her: 'Cheer up, Lavinia. Dry them tears of your'n an' don't cry no more. The charlies'll be ripe for your pickin' yet, if I know anything about it.'"

"I was right. The better days did come an' soon too. Once forgettin' the ghastliness of death, the horror of it—'an' 'tain't nothin' but that makes these widders take on so for awhile—Lavinia began to feel the happiness of bein' free. There was nobody about to say, 'Do this or 'Do that' or 'Come here' or 'Go there,' assumin' at her when she laughed an' snarlin' at her when she cried. An' 'twasn't long before, with them fetters dropped off away from her for good, she sprung up in the blessed light of freedom an' commenced to bloom like any flower. An' pretty! Lavinia got to be pretty as a picture, exceptin' for them wrinkles under her eyes."

"You'd think, wouldn't you, now, that when a woman'd once found out what a good thing freedom was she'd stick to it? But I grieve if she did that she wouldn't be a woman. Lavinia wa'n't no exception. She hadn't more'n got good an' used to doin' without her shackles than she made up her mind to put on some more. It appeared she was sort of fated. Lavinia was. You'd be surprised to see the man she settled on. Tom Wofford! Oh, yes, of course, you know him. He don't live far from you. I'd forgotten that. Well, he was the man. Of all the ornery men that ever lived in this town, with the exception of her first husband, he is the ornierest. I ain't meanin' 's far 's money's concerned or clothes or way of livin', but disposition."

"Heh, heh! I'll never forget the night Lavinia come over here after he'd gone an', without sayin' a word—Lavinia an' me's such friends that words ain't allus necessary atween us—walked to the door over the mantelpiece there an', takin' up the light, raised it above her head, gazin' at her eyes. From where I sat, which was just about where I'm settin' now, I could get a glimpse of her face, the prettiest pinky white complexion you ever see, with a bow mouth like a child's an' a dimpled chin, an' nothin' the matter with it at all but them three wrinkles under the eyes. 'S far 's I was concerned them wrinkles didn't make no difference. I couldn't see 'em half the time for the shine of the eyes. But Lavinia, she puts the lamp back on the table where she got it an', turnin', stares at me."

"He says," she commences, "that I would be pretty, awful pretty, if it wa'n't for these here wrinkles under my eyes."

"Lavinia," I admonishes, "you're pretty enough as it is. Don't you be worryin' a minute about them wrinkles under your eyes."

"She promised she wouldn't an' went away. But 'twasn't many days before back she come again, an', takin' that little stool you've got under your feet, puts it close to me, same 's you're settin' now, an' lays her head on my knee. I rests my hand on it, silentlike, comfortin' her. 'Twasn't the first time. A woman can get along all right generally till she falls in love with a man. Soon 's that happens she begins to need comfortin'."

"He says," she begins by an' by, "that there are doctors up in New York what can take the wrinkles out from under the eyes. 'Tain't no trouble," he says. 'All they've got to do is to cut away some pieces of flesh an' sew up the places. Then when it's well the wrinkles is gone an' they never come back no more; never no more.'"

"Lavinia," says I, answerin', "better let well enough alone. Better stay 's the Lord made you. He knows best. He knows what he's about, if it does seem sort of strangelike at times the way he manages. When he put them wrinkles in your face, he meant for them to stay there till he gets ready to smooth 'em out."

"Anyway, Lavinia, I goes on after a minute of studyin', 'if this here young man of your'n don't love you enough to forget them wrinkles under your eyes he ain't much good to the to. That's my opinion. I give it to you for what it's worth.'"

"But I want to be beautifull!" she sort of means. "I want to be beautifull!"

"Well, when a woman once makes up her mind to win a man's love there ain't nothin' short of chopin' off her head goin' to stop her. So I wa'n't to say surprised when she come runnin' over a day or two after a tellin' me goodby an' sayin' 'how she was about to take a little trip up to New York to look up them doctors Tom Wofford had been talkin' to her so much about.'"

"When I come back," she smiles, but with a scared look in her eyes, "I shall be beautifull."

"While she was gone I got to improvin' about them New York doctors what cut an' slashed into people's faces so reckless, smoothin' out wrinkles put there by the hand of God, shapin' noses over, settin' back ears an' takin' reefs out of double chins to make 'em single. An' what I heard about 'em, Sally, didn't tend to encourage me much about Lavinia. I can tell you that. On the other hand, it scared me about her. If you could 'a' heard some of them tales they told me, your hair would 'a' stood straight up. One feller's nose, they said, had been made a good enough shape, but what with tinkerin' away on it, the same 's if it had been wood, it had got so delicate he was afraid of blowin' it, afraid it would come to pieces altogether an' he wouldn't have no nose. Another had his ears set back too far. The flesh clean covered the hole he had to hear out of an' made

him deaf as a post intemperately. Why shouldn't it?"

"You can understand, then, Sally, that it wa'n't nothin' but natural—beerin' all these stories an' more what I haven't got time now to tell you—I was gettin' mighty uneasy about Lavinia an' them wrinkles of her'n. In a few weeks she come back alive, though, an' of course, her an' me bein' such fast friends, the first thing she does is to come straight over here to me. 'There ain't a sweeter soul in this here town than Lavinia. Well, she stands still right here facin' the window with the light floodin' her like an' says to me: 'Is the wrinkles gone, Ann?'"

"Now, Lavinia had eyes—they had left her eyes—an', havin' eyes, she could see them wrinkles of her'n just the same as I could see 'em. She could see that they was jest as bad as they allus was. If they wa'n't to say worse. So when I didn't say nothin' at all to her, seein' I couldn't say nothin' comfortin', she walks to the window an' looks out, pitiful like an' says, 's if she was talkin' to herself, me settin' by mite, actin' dumbay: 'An' the pain of it! The awful pain of it! An' all for nothin'! Fool, idiot! When I wake up in the mornin', it's the first thing I call myself an' the last thing at night—idiot, fool!'"

"An' she wa'n't to say altogether wrong. If people will deliberately set in a chair an' have their faces whacked into, they'd oughter be disgriggered for life, an' that, candidly expressed, is my opinion. Of course, though, I didn't say nothin' of that sort to Lavinia. Spilled milk is spilled milk, an' there ain't no use cryin' over it, but—

"You can call yourself names like that, Lavinia," says I, with a grunt of a laugh, "but if somebody else did it you'd up an' slap 'em."

"As I say, Lavinia an' me, we'd been such friends we didn't have to talk to understand. So when she come to me one day at twilight an' set at my feet on the little stool an' put her head in my lap, meanin' like any hurt child might 'a' meant, I knew what was the matter. That Tom Wofford, that ornery sweetheart of her'n, had complained because the wrinkles was there same as ever an' would stay there till the good Lord got ready to smooth 'em away all in his good time, an' I never said a word. I bent down an' kissed her on the hair an' took hold of her hand to let the feel of my sympathy go through it to her, an' that was all."

Suddenly Sally sprang up and drew aside the curtain.

"There they come!" she cried. "Look! The groom and Lavinia! See! She's glacin' this way. She's throwin' a kiss to you, Ann. Throw one back to her, quick. Ah-h! Don't she look pretty? An' them orange blossoms! Beautiful! But, Ann, Ann! That don't look like Tom Wofford with her. He's taller somehow. Wa'n't it Tom Wofford she married, after all?"

"Tom Wofford!" grunted Ann. "I reckon not. A man what would let her go an' have her face cut to pieces an' then complain!"

"Oh, tell me who she married, Ann. I've been away. I've just got back home. How can I know? Tell me!"

But Ann, who was in no hurry, philosophized.

"It seems, 's far 's I can hear the straight of it, that while she was waitin' her turn in them doctors' office some other idiot—they ain't all dead yet even up there in New York—was waitin' his turn, too, to be made shorter or longer, jest as the case happened to be; I've forgotten exactly which it was, shorter or longer."

"Well, anyway, they got into a sort of sympathetic conversation, her an'



"I BENT DOWN AND KISSED HER ON THE HAIR."

him, waitin', an' it seems they kept it up, an' when Lavinia's wrinkles wa'n't gone, like they promised they would be, an' when he wa'n't made no shorter—now that I remember it was shorter he wanted to be made—exceptin' in the pocketbook, of course, they got to be great chums, talkin' it over an' sympathizin' with each other. He's a fine feller, aside from this feel notion of his'n to be carved into an' changed, an' rich. He's handsome too. An' what does he do but come down here from New York an' marry Lavinia!"

Sally could not contain her delight.

"Wrinkles or no wrinkles?" ejaculated she.

"Wrinkles or no wrinkles?" echoed Ann Simpson and smiled a smile indicative of pure content.

"Sally I don't know," she added presently when Sally had put back the curtain and deposited herself in the depths of her armchair to think it over. "It was about even when you come to study the sides of it. It's six of one an' half a dozen of the other. It's got a sort of flip in the left leg where them New York doctors lamed him."

## The Jericho Postoffice

Pap Perkins, Postmaster, Tells About Lightning Rods

(Copyright, 1917, by Hiram Holmes)

IT was Salathiel Green who got the first lightning rod ever put up in Jericho. He had just finished building a new barn when along came a lightning rod wagon all painted up in bright colors and with pictures on it.

"Is there a circus comin' to Jericho?" asks Salathiel as the wagon stopped at his gate.

"There's something a heap better," replied the boss of the outfit. "How many thunderstorms do you have around here in the course of a year?"

"Bout twenty old busters, I guess, sayin' nothin' of a few small ones thrown in."

"And what prevents your barns and houses from being struck and burned?"

"Providence, I'm thinkin'."

"Jest so. And you folks around here have been playin' it low down on Providence. You've sat in your woodshed doors or slept in your beds and depended on Providence looking out for your interests without charging a red cent. You've played the hog till Providence has got tired and put her back up. She's invented this here lightning rod to ward off thunderbolts, and if you won't put up one Providence won't be responsible for what happens."

The man's line of argument seemed to be sound. Salathiel Green didn't believe in workin' his hired man or his horses or oxen into the grave. He felt that he had made Providence carry a pretty big burden for a good many years and that she had a right to kick. When he had thought it over for awhile, he told the lightning rod man to go ahead, and he plunked down the cash when the rod was up. The rod itself attracted a great deal of notice, but when Salathiel announced that he had let up on Providence and was going to carry his own risk there was turmoil in Jericho.

"Yes, I know we have all put a heap of burdens on Providence," argued Deacon Spooner, "but what's Providence for? It was intended that she should take care of good folks. Her back is broad, and you needn't fear about overloading her. She can take care of all the barns and houses in Jericho and not lose a wink of sleep."

"I sort of hold with Salathiel," added Moses Grafton. "I've been callin' on Providence for the last forty years. I called on her for my first wife and my second; to save me when I had typhoid fever; to get my oxen out of the mire; to save my hay one rainy season; to do a hundred other things for me. She may be willin' to keep right along doin', but would it be a fair thing to ask her? Seems to me I'd better get a lightning rod for my barn and let Providence take care of the house and the haystacks."

"Gentlemen, this is a solemn thing—a solemn thing," remarked Deacon John Johnson, as the discussion was renewed at the postoffice in the evening. "and it should be argued in a solemn manner. When anybody claims to have invented anything to take the place of Providence, we'd better hesitate a little. I've bin over to see Salathiel's lightning rod. It runs from the ground to the roof and sticks up six feet above. It has a pint to it to catch the lightning. It looks all right, but I'm goin' to wait and see. I'm willin' to give Providence a rest, but I want to see how a substitute will work."

"There may be sunthin in it," said Hopewell Green, as he took off his hat and scratched his head. "but I ain't sayin' which side I'm on. If Providence has been overworked, we ought to let up on her and buy lightning rods, but if she's got a day or two in the week to spare, she might as well put it in by protectin' the barns around Jericho as to loaf around. I'd like to think the matter over before makin' up my mind."

Elijah Bidwell was supposed to know all about Providence and other things, but when appealed to he replied:

"Don't ask me. Providence works in strange ways, and I dunno as she's allus to be depended on. She pulled me through huz fever when you all thought I'd die, and I hadn't scarcely got outdoors ag'in when she blowed down a shed and killed my yoke of oxen. She saved my hogs from the cholera and then turned right around and fixed things for my old woman to break her leg."

For two weeks nothing else was talked of, and public opinion was about equally divided. Then, one afternoon,

there came a ripping old thunderstorm. Everybody sewed, gathered, and loaded for a fest. When the storm finally broke, the lightning struck and fired no less than four barns within a mile of the village—all barns depending on Providence to carry the risk—while Salathiel Green's was not even grazed.

"Gentlemen, it looked to me to be makin' up red wadders, lightning rods and religion all in a bag together," observed Deacon Spooner, "but I have changed my mind. I think the rest of us had better follow Salathiel's example and give Providence a rest."

The lightning rod man got word of it and returned, and during the next two weeks he put up rods on thirteen different barns in that end of the country.

There was no thunderstorm until a month after the last rod was up. Then came another buster. It arrived in the night, and as the thunderclaps shook the earth Salathiel Green awoke and said to his wife:

"There ain't no cause to worry. Providence may look out for the farmers over beyond High hill, but them rods will protect us."

Half an hour later every one of the barns with lightning rods was a bonfire, while not a barn without rods was harmed in the slightest. There was widespread consternation next day, and such was the excitement in Jericho that an impromptu meeting was called. A good many men got up and said a good many different things, but Deacon Spooner hit the case pat when he remarked:

"I reckon it is the general opinion of this meetin' that there is such a thing as Providence. I reckon it is."

He looked all around for one who might dissent, but as nobody did he continued:

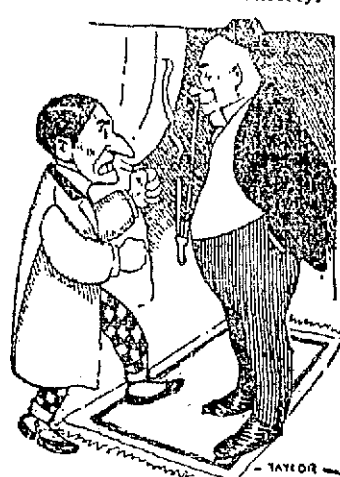
"And I further reckon that it is the further opinion of this meetin' that there bein' a Providence and that she knowin' her business a heap better than any lightning rod man from Schenectady it is therefore and hereby

"Resolved, That in future the town of Jericho permits Providence to paddle her own canoe without interference."

The resolution was unanimously adopted, and the lightning rod man came to Jericho no more.

M. QUAD.

### Dangerous Parlor Variety.



Tellit—What's that? Why, confound you, what makes you think I wouldn't make a good match for your daughter? Tuem—Well, you fare up too quick; that's why! See?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### A Billville Estimate.

"You see that tall, distinguished looking man yonder?" "Yes, I see him." "Well, don't you recognize him?" "Never glimpsed him before." "Why, man, that's Bill Spinks; got to be a great writer; makin' a big sensation all over the country?" "That ain't possible," said the citizen emphatically, "for I used to climb apple trees with him, an' him an' me used to go swimmin' together!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### It Got Traggle, However.

"That report of my death is the most amusing thing on record!" exclaimed Mr. Jinks. "I've just read my own obituary in this newspaper." "Indeed!" said his wife. "And where does it say you went to?" "And then Mr. Jinks coughed and kicked the cat and told the cook to put some more coal on the fire."—Atlanta Constitution.

### Brilliance Versus Plodding.

"Some men," said the original philosopher, "see more than others see at first sight and then devote so much time and energy to the task of being pleased with their own brilliance that they miss all the benefit of the sober and maturer second thought that comes to those less gifted."—Baltimore American.

### His Baby Brother.

Yes, I've got a little brother; Never asked to have him, neither, But he's here. They just went away and bought him. And last week the doctor brought him. "What's that queer?" "I heard the news from Molly. Why, I thought at first 'twas Jolly. 'Cause, you see, I s'posed I could go and get him. And then mamma, course, would let him. Play with me. But when I had once looked at him. "Why," I says, "great snakes, is that him?" "He's a sight! He's so small it's just amazin', And you'd think he was blazin', He's so red, And his nose is like a berry. And he's bald as a pole Jerry On his head. Why, he isn't worth a brick; All he does is cry and kick; He can't stop. I won't sit up; you can't arrange him; I don't see why pa can't change him. At the shop. Now, we've got to dress and feed him. And we really didn't need him. More'n a frog. Why'd they buy a baby brother When they know I'd good deal rather Have a dog?"—Kansas Farmer.

## A Message In Blood

(Continued)

The detective has many curious riddles to solve. One of the most remarkable that ever came up for my solution was connected with the case of a man named Joel Klapper. He lived alone and was murdered one night during a blizzard. The murderer left him for dead, but he did not die for some time after the blow was struck. Unable to leave the bed in which he was murdered, there seemed to be no way of communicating information that would lead to the punishment of his murderer. Yet he succeeded in leaving all that was essential.

Klapper was used to reading at night in bed before going to sleep and kept on a stand beside his bed a lamp, matches and some books. When the body was discovered in the morning, the lamp was burning, though the oil was nearly exhausted. People who had passed the house between 11 and 12 reported that they had seen no light, but a man who had passed just before dawn on his way to a train declared that he had noticed a light in Klapper's room. He knew Klapper and wondered if he were not ill. He said he would have stopped to find out, but had barely time to reach his train.

I framed several theories, more or less influenced by this circumstance. Klapper was surely in bed with the light out when the murder was committed. How then could it have been burning in the morning unless he had lived long enough after the blow to light it? I had a feeling (I can find no better word to express it) that the lamp had been lighted by the victim with a purpose after he had been struck.

I looked for a communication on paper, but found none. I was absently turning over the leaves of one of the books on the table when I came to a red sunshade. It covered the word "ten." It at once occurred to me that Klapper had communicated something concerning the murder by words smudged by his own blood, and I looked for more, which I found. I expected that they would lie in the order of a message, but they did not. Consecutively placed they read:

Ten, crisp, man, on, beard, me. Called. National, five, bill, took dollar, hair, forehead, new, because, scar, red and stabbed, I of all, ten.

The message I had placed these words on paper in the above order I knew from the words scar, beard and hair that it contained a description of the murderer. I also inferred from the words crisp, five, bill, ten and national that it also contained a description of a bank bill or bills that had been taken. My first effort in deciphering the message resulted as follows:

Man called on me, beard and hair, red scar on forehead, took ten new crisp five dollar bills on (some) national (bank).

This was evidently not the solution, for there were a number of words unused. I tried it again:

Stabbed (by) man with red hair and beard. Scar on forehead. He took ten new crisp five dollar bills on (some) national (bank) because I called.

This was better than the first effort; but, like the first, the words were not all used. I made a number of trials before I found a correct reading, though I did not know whether the murderer took ten five dollar bills or five ten dollar bills. This was my last effort:

Man (with) red hair and beard, scar on forehead, stabbed me because I called. (He) took ten new crisp five dollar bills, all of the Tenth National.

Since the bank might have been the Fifth or the Tenth National, I went to both and learned at the Tenth that it had paid out some new five dollar bills the day before, and Mr. Klapper's account showed he had been paid \$50 the same day. Therefore the last part of the message read, "Ten new five dollar bills, all of the Tenth National."

I at once advertised to give a premium to any one who could furnish me with one of these bills. A woman, the cashier of a third rate restaurant, answered the advertisement, bringing one of the bills. Afterward there was another brought in, but too late to be of advantage. The woman told me that the man who gave it to her was so rough looking that she feared it was counterfeit and took it to her employer before changing it. In this way the matter was impressed on her mind. I asked her if she could identify the man, and she said she could.

The rest was comparatively easy. I laid the matter before the inspector and asked if he had any record of a criminal with red hair and beard and a scar on his forehead. After examination he found that the description fitted Jim Rourke, alias Patsy Burne, alias Cuckey Jack and a number of other aliases, who had recently been released from the penitentiary and seen in town. The man was watched for, arrested and identified by the restaurant cashier. Two of the bills were found on his person.

He was tried and convicted. After his conviction he gave an account of the robbery and murder that tallied with my theory. He entered the house by means of a window that had been left unfastened and after finding nothing below went up to Klapper's bedroom and turned a dark lantern on the sleeper. While the robber was searching for valuables Klapper called for help. The robber warned him if he did it again he would kill him. Klapper repeated the call, and the robber kept his word. Finding the bills in the murdered man's pocket, he took them and, leaving Klapper for dead, made his escape. He said that the lamp was not burning when he entered or when he left. It was plain that Klapper had lighted it, taken the book and written his last message in his own blood, a message that hung his murderer.

OLIVER MBEARS HINSDALE.







# GRAND RAPIDS RAPIDS TRIBUNE.

UMB & SUTOR, Publishers.

Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, Wednesday, Jan. 7, 1902.

VOL. XXX, NO.

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## TOOK HIS OWN LIFE.

### FRANCIS E. MOREY COMMITS SUICIDE.

Shoots Himself in the Mouth with a 38-Calibre Revolver While Lying in Bed and His Wife Asleep by His Side.—Financial Difficulties the Cause of the Deed.—Lived but a Short Time.

Francis E. Morey, who resided in the residence next to the Dixon hotel, committed suicide on Friday morning by shooting himself in the roof of the mouth with a 38-calibre revolver, dying in about twenty minutes without gaining consciousness.

Mrs. Morey was lying asleep in bed beside her husband when he committed the deed, but was awakened by the report of the revolver.

She supposed she was awakened by some external noise, but raising herself in bed she saw her husband bleeding at the mouth and saw the still smoking revolver at his side and realized at once that a calamity had occurred.

Without waiting to dress herself she hurried to the Dixon hotel next door and notified Charles Dixon and some others of what had occurred and they quickly went to the house to render any assistance that could be given to the dying man.

The man was beyond human aid, however, and inside of twenty minutes he passed away without regaining consciousness. The bullet having undoubtedly entered the brain and rendered him unconscious at once. The deed was undoubtedly the outcome of financial troubles, as it had been known for some time that Mr. Morey had been unable to meet his obligations on account of having lost large sums of money by speculation.

Mr. Morey came here last August and engaged in the real estate business. He secured some options on property in the southern part of the county and selling at an advance succeeded in netting a considerable sum of money. He then commenced pressing away which he shipped to the southern market and for a time did an enormous business in this line. It soon became evident, however, that he had miscalculated on the cost of production, as bills began to come in faster than he was able to meet them, and the consequence was that he had a great deal of trouble in standing off his creditors, many of them being small accounts for wages and bills from farmers from whom he had purchased hay.

It is understood that in some instances he drew checks on banks in which he carried no account, by this means succeeding in standing off some of his creditors for a short time. He was enough of a business man to know that this would in time lead to trouble and there is no question that the many worries combined to make his life anything but a pleasant existence, and that at last his mind gave way under the strain and that he took this method of getting out of his troubles.

Mr. Morey was always an affable and pleasant conversationalist, and although admitting his financial straits to those he came in contact with who knew of his circumstances, he always seemed to take a philosophical view of the matter and seemed to be confident of coming out all right in the end. He claimed to have been engaged in many enterprises in Chicago, at which place he formerly lived, and turned off his reverses in a flippancy manner as if they were only what was to be expected by a man who engaged in any sort of speculative enterprises.

About two months ago he was married to Miss Helen Dexter of Edgerton, and since the wedding tour has been residing in the residence on Cranberry street where he shot himself.

A jury was impaneled by Justice B. L. Brown for the purpose of throwing some light on the tragedy and the following was elicited:

### Mrs. Morey's Testimony.

The court. Mrs. Morey, go on and state to the jury just what happened.

The first thing of which I was conscious this morning was the shot. I was asleep at the time and I thought something had exploded and I turned over and asked Mr. Morey what that was and I did not get an answer. And I asked him again and raised up and looked over and he was swallowing fast. I think it was blood, and I saw something on the pillow and it all flashed over me at once in a general way and I got up and threw on his—put his overcoat around me and went over to the hotel and spoke to old Mr. Dixon and Mr. Tuttle and they called the doctor, who I believe is in the hotel, and came over to the house. This is as far as I know.

Q. Did you smell anything? I could smell the gun powder. I realized that it was something that had been fired. Were you in bed with him? Yes.

They found the revolver, of course, after they came? Yes, after they cleared the blood away.

Where did they find it? I do not know just where they found it or when they found it.

Did you know whether he had a revolver with him in the evening? I did not know there was such a weapon in the house.

What kind of an evening did you spend? Did you visit with him before retiring? We were both reading and then he laid down on the couch and slept, I believe.

During the day did you have any talk about his business or anything else? No, sir.

Anything during the week about his business? No, nothing.

You knew of some of his business he transacted during the last month? Yes, sir. I knew he was very depressed, but I thought yesterday he was feeling in better spirits. That was the impression I had.

You did not notice anything strange in the last few days? Nothing more than usual; only he was very depressed. I certainly did not notice anything strange yesterday.

Did anybody call on him in the last two days? Not the last two days to my knowledge.

Did you have your shoes on when you went over to the hotel? I put on some bedroom slippers.

May I ask, was he restless during the night? I can't tell you.

You slept well? Yes.

And the first thing you knew was the report? Yes.

Dr. Waters' Testimony.

Dr. Waters, who was called to attend the man immediately after the shooting, was then called and testified as follows:

I was called this morning. I should judge, about ten minutes after seven. After dressing I looked at my watch and it was a quarter after seven, and I went over to the house and Mr. John Dixon showed me into a room. There was no one there but Charlie Dixon. He was at the head of the bed taking care of Mr. Morey and I went in there.

There was quite a pool of blood on the bed and he was bleeding quite heavily and I supposed he was having a hemorrhage from his lungs or stomach. There was quite a lot of blood on his nostrils and mouth and I wiped that away and I felt of his pulse and threw back the covers and I found the revolver there in bed with his fingers relaxed and the revolver partly free from his hand. His fingers were not clasped tightly at all.

Q. Was Mrs. Morey there at that time? I don't know where she was. I presume she was in the kitchen. When I went back into the sitting room she was there.

How long did he live? From the time I first saw him until he died was, I should judge, about a half to three-quarters of an hour.

Was the revolver under the clothing? Yes, sir, the clothing was pulled up right to his throat. I suppose that had been done by somebody else, maybe Charlie Dixon.

Who was the first one saw him? Charlie was the first one saw him so far as I know.

Did he regain consciousness? Until I saw him he couldn't have been conscious from the time the shot was fired.

Did he say anything? He didn't say anything at all; nothing while I was there.

Did you stay there until he died? Yes, sir.

Isn't it all probable that he knew anything after he was shot? No. If he simply fired a blank cartridge he would not have been conscious.

Did he hold the revolver right up close to his mouth? I think from the appearance of things he held the revolver in his mouth. The front teeth were quite loose, while on each side they were solid.

Was he burned any? His chin was marked with powder, the way that you would expect powder to be escaping between the cylinder and the barrel.

It is altogether likely there was a ball in the cartridge? From the bleeding there must have been a ball in the cartridge. I should think I removed a pint of blood from the bed and he bled a good deal more than that. I tried to locate the wound before he died, but I didn't try very hard for the simple reason that I didn't want to have my finger in his mouth when he died, as there would be a chance of being the finger.

From the condition he was in and from the amount of blood you saw you didn't think there was any reason that he would answer? I knew from the view I had of him he would not live. His tongue was quite swollen, too.

You say Charlie Dixon saw him before you did? Yes, sir.

Where was Mrs. Morey? She was in the other part of the house writing telegrams for, Charlie. I saw him at first she was not there but afterward she was there.

You were there half an hour? Yes. From until a quarter after seven, and I was back there at the hotel by eight o'clock.

She was there when he died, of course, in the room? Not in the room. I was alone with him when he died.

Did she go into the room when he was dying? No, she did not when he was dying, for I didn't tell her when he was going to die.

was still strong. Shortly after that Dr. Waters came in. The doctor said there was no hope and I left.

Did you discover the revolver? Yes, I saw the revolver under his hand on the right side. I paid no attention to it. I thought it was a 32 when I first looked at it.

It appears that there was no—that they weren't using a globe in there? They were scarce of globes, I guess.

There was no globe in the room at the time? There was no globe in the room, no.

Was the revolver lying in plain sight? No, I could just see the black handle.

Under the bed clothes? No, it was—the clothes were thrown back as far as his hands, lying over here (indicating) and the revolver under his right hand. I could just see a little bit of it.

Did you know he had shot himself until you saw the revolver? As soon as I entered the house I could smell powder. I concluded from that a shot had been fired.

Did you move the bed clothes? No, sir, I did not touch them. I never touched the clothes at all. I felt of his pulse, but I didn't move his hand. It was lying there limp.

Were the bed clothes right up to his throat? I could not say how far the clothes were up, but they were not around his neck.

On which side did the revolver lay? On his right.

He laid on the right side of the bed? Yes.

Just in the same position we viewed him at? Facing towards the wall.

Any one else there between the time you were there and the doctor? No one else excepting his wife.

You talked with his wife when you went in the house? No, there was nothing said then.

Didn't see her at all? Saw her but didn't speak to her.

What was she doing? She was standing there taking on as any woman would under the circumstances.

Did she seem to be very much agitated and grieved? Deeply grieved, but she was very cool about it. When I came out of the room she wanted to know what had happened. She didn't seem to realize what had happened.

The taking of testimony was then closed.

### Coroner's Verdict.

An inquisition taken at the city of Grand Rapids, county of Wood, on the 2nd day of January, 1902, before Burton L. Brown, one of the justices of the peace of said county, upon the view of the body of F. E. Morey there dead by the jurors whose names are hereunto subscribed, they being duly sworn to inquire on behalf of the state when, in what manner and by what means the said F. E. Morey came to his death; upon their oath do say, F. E. Morey came to his death from a wound inflicted by a revolver used by his own hand on January 2nd, 1902, at 7:00 o'clock a. m., in the city of Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, on Cranberry street, at No. 305.

In testimony whereof the said justices of the peace and the jurors of this inquest have hereunto set their hands the day and the year aforesaid.

FRANK DUDLEY,  
W. L. BOYCE,  
E. C. ROSSIER,  
GEO. N. WOOD,  
GEORGE McMILLAN.

The body of Mr. Morey was taken to Chicago for burial, being accompanied by a brother, G. S. Morey.

### Death of Chas. M. Oster.

Stevens point Journal: Charles M. Oster passed away at his home at 740 Main street a few minutes after midnight. New Year's morning. He had been ill for some months with cancer of the stomach, and his death was, therefore, not unexpected. An operation to which he submitted at Oshkosh early in November, afforded him some temporary relief but it was not expected that it would prove of permanent benefit. He had been conscious of his trouble since last June but it was not until a few weeks ago that the true nature of the disease was learned with certainty. Owing to the nature and location of the trouble it was impossible to do anything for his permanent relief, and he gradually weakened until the end.

Mr. Oster was born at Wellsville, Ohio, on May 22, 1855. For a number of years he has been employed as the general agent for the Chamberlain's Mfg. Co., dealers principally in stamper-pullers, and in representing this company throughout northern Wisconsin, wherever settlers had any use for stamper-pullers in clearing their land.

Mr. Oster was twice married. His present wife was formerly Miss Louise M. Lord of Grand Rapids, whom he married on Dec. 30, 1895, at Grand Rapids. He is also survived by a daughter, Miss Jessie O'Rourke of Two Harbors, Minn.

### "The Man in the Iron Mask"

An audience that packed the house to the doors saw the production of "The Man in the Iron Mask" last evening. This company is one of the best that has been seen at this house this season, every member being an artist of ability. The play is a sermon that will pay everybody to hear, church-goers as well as theatre-goers. Mr. Doty in the title role does admirable work, and gives a conscientious and painstaking portrayal of his difficult part. He has a beautiful voice well adapted to this character. Herald St. Cloud, Minn.

### Music Lessons.

Miss Helen Gilkey, teacher and soloist on the piano, organ, mandolin and guitar, will give 20 lessons (45 minutes for \$2.00).

## CITY FATHERS MEET

### MANY INTERESTING QUESTIONS DISCUSSED.

Feasibility of Abandoning the Use of the Old Fire Engine Brought up.—Will Prohibit the Use of Slot Machines in the City as Well as All Other Kinds of Gambling.—Twelve O'clock Closing Law to be Enforced.

The regular monthly meeting of the city council was held on Tuesday evening and although the attendance was not large there was quite an interesting session. Mayor Wheelan being absent from the city, Geo. M. Hill, president of the council, presided.

One of the matters taken up for discussion was the disposition of the east side fire engine. Some of the aldermen thought that in view of the fact that the waterworks were now in working order, it would be the proper thing to dispose of the engine and save the cost of having it maintained constantly. Others thought that it should be retained as part of the city property and be kept in good repair so that it could be called into immediate use provided there was an occasion when the waterworks proved inefficient in any way. This latter sentiment seemed to prevail and a committee was appointed to discover what it would cost to hire a man to take care of the engine and have it in readiness for an emergency.

Joseph Cohen presented a petition asking permission to move the two frame buildings now owned by him from Front to Center street in order that he might erect a brick structure where the frame buildings now stand. The petition was granted.

T. W. Brazee tendered his resignation as supervisor and there being another vacancy caused by the death of Neils Johnson, there will two supervisors elected at the next meeting of the council.

It was expected that there would be some action taken on the purchase of the land on which the city holds an option and where the water supply has been developed, but nothing was done about the matter and as there was plenty of time it was laid over until the next meeting of the council.

The matter of saloons closing at 12 o'clock was also discussed. Chief of Police Garfield reported that he had had some trouble by proprietors of drinking places closing their front doors at the time specified and at the same time allowing a crowd to remain inside, claiming that by this action they had complied with the law. Mr. Garfield asked for instructions from the council concerning the matter and he was told to enforce the law to the letter, and that any persons having a crowd in their saloon after the closing time was to be arrested and that the mayor and council would stand behind him to conduct and push the prosecutions. In connection with this matter the city attorney was instructed to draw an ordinance prohibiting all gambling within the city and also the use of any slot machines, same to be brought up for adoption at the next meeting of the council.

A number of bills were also allowed and other routine business transacted, after which the council adjourned until the next regular meeting.

Surveyors at Work.—A party of surveyors are at work on the east side presumably for the Wisconsin Central railroad company. What their object is can only be guessed at, but people who think they know say that it is for the purpose of extending the Wisconsin Central line across the river at this point and later further on south. In an interview with a Stevens Point paper, H. F. Whitcomb, president of the road, says: "I want to say that there is no truth in the statement that we are considering the plan to shorten the line from Chicago to St. Paul. That has never been considered. We are not considering any extension of lines." If this is a fact the company is throwing up a lot of good money in running unnecessary lines and making preliminary surveys in this part of the country. Stevens Point people do not take kindly to the idea of the road shortening its line, for that would leave them on a branch that would be very little used outside of what that city would give to the road and would necessarily mean a very poor train service for them. We will try to keep the Stevens Pointers informed as to what the road is doing here, so that they may be prepared for the worst.

Paper Machines Ordered.—The Tribune has been informed from competent authority that the two machines for the new paper mill of the Consolidated Water Power and Paper company have been ordered. The Beloit Iron works will build the machines and they will be 130 inches in width, the largest of the kind in this part of the country. The cost of the two machines is in the neighborhood of \$25,000. It is expected that actual work in the construction line will commence inside of two weeks and after once started will be carried forward as rapidly as possible.

Sheriff's Appointments.—J. Ebbel, the newly elected sheriff, arrived in the city last week and took charge of his office. He has appointed Wm. Shea as his under-sheriff and Lou Thompson of Marshfield as deputy safe.

This probably is all the appointments that will be made at present. Mr. McLaughlin, the retiring sheriff, will remain in this city and probably engage in some sort of business. Mr. McLaughlin has made many friends in this city during the past two years and

## Monument Factory Here.

A load of stuff arrived in the city on Tuesday for the firm of Weeks & Weeks who intend to open up a monument factory in this city immediately. The company has secured the store building just north of the First National bank and will conduct their business there. Both of the members of the firm are practical workmen and have been located at Plainfield for a number of years, where they have made a success of the business, and the plant there will not be discontinued. It would seem as if there should be a good business at this point for the new enterprise.

Business Change.—W. H. Barnes and Henry Voyer of Junction City have bought out the stock in the candy kitchen from George Akins and expect to take charge of the place in the near future. Mr. Akins contemplates engaging in business elsewhere, although he has not definitely settled on a location. George has made many friends in the city since he came here and all will be sorry to hear of his intended departure. Guy Gettis has purchased the place formerly run by Mr. Barnes.

Danced Their Fill.—The dance given by the west side firemen on New Year evening was a most pleasant affair from a social standpoint. Although the boys did not make any great amount of money, those present probably had a better time than they would have done had the hall been as crowded as is usual on such occasions. What a balance there was, however, was on the right side of the ledger. The New Monarch orchestra furnished some fine new music for the occasion.

Brick Selling Fast.—James Hamilton, the manager of the Grand Rapids Brick company's plant, reports that the sale of brick this winter is something unusual, there being a constant steady demand from farmers and others for this material. He also states that a large quantity of them are being hauled to Pittsville, where it is expected they will be used next summer for building purposes.

A Heavy Load.—A team belonging to Arthur Sickles brought in a load of stone from Bender's quarry last week that contained one cord and 14 feet. There has been pretty good sleighing this winter but this is the largest load of stone that has been hauled, and is an extraordinary load for one team to bring in.

Marriage Licenses.—The following marriage licenses were issued during the past week: Michael J. Farrell of Grand Rapids and Josephine Herndon of Rudolph; Oscar E. Law and Doris B. Dennis, both of Neenah; August Kamsora and Julia Barrett, both of Grand Rapids.

A Pleasant Surprise.—A number of friends of Charles E. Boles tendered that gentleman a surprise on Monday evening and assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Carey and spent the evening in dancing. A very pleasant time is reported.

Runge-Schindelholz.—On Wednesday last W. A. Runge was united in marriage to Miss Helena Schindelholz at Minocqua. The groom is well known here, having formerly been in business here. He is now engaged in the drug business at Minocqua.

## NEW COUNTY OFFICERS.

### They Assume Charge of Affairs at the Court House.

The new county officers took charge of their respective offices on Monday, and as all of those who are located permanently in the court house held over there was not much of a commotion during the change.

The officers who held over and E. S. Ronne, county clerk; C. A. Podawiltz, clerk of court; Jacob Searls, treasurer, and E. A. Upham, register of deeds. The new officers are Robt. Morris, superintendent of schools; Theo. W. Brazee, district attorney; L. W. Pitts, county surveyor, and John Ebbe, sheriff.

During the past two years the affairs of the county have been in very able hands, and the officers have proven themselves to be pleasant and accommodating, and there is no reason why the next two years should be any different.

## FORETELLING THE WEATHER.

### Everything Fixed to Tell Just What Is Coming.

By watching the flag pole on the courthouse one may hereafter be able to tell just what the weather is going to be provided the machinery does not slip a cog somewhere and switch in something we are not looking for. The information is given by a series of flags, five in number, as follows:

A square indicates a square weather. A G. I. T. C. indicates a G. I. T. C. weather. A square and rapid, Wisconsin.

## ALL KINDS OF COAL

PRICES RIGHT.

C. C. KETCHUM.

Office in Macomber Block, West End of Bridge

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE







## PERSONALITY OF THE HAPSBURG.

Race From Which the Princess Louise of Saxony Springs.

### A FAMILY OF CONTRASTED IDEALS

Some Sticklers For Etiquette and Others Intolerant of the Forms and Manners of the Court—The Postillion Romance of the Archduke John—Escapades of Otto.

Strongly Bourbon though her blood is, the runaway wife of the heir apparent of the kingdom of Saxony, Princess Louise Antoinette, is yet to be regarded as one of the unhappy Hapsburgs, says the New York Evening Post. Through father and grandfather her descent is direct from Ferdinand III. of Tuscany, who was son of Emperor Leopold II. of Austria. This makes her great-granddaughter of the founder of the present dynasty, Maria Theresa. Her line has been untouched by the lunacies communicated to imperial blood by intermarriage with the Wittelsbachs of Bavaria. But the men-fusion of Bourbon and Hapsburg has itself often brought strange issue, with impulsive tendencies toward something else than being merely a royal personage with an expectation of one day rising to the throne.

Men as well as women have renounced their rights to place and precedence to become civil subjects. One archduke even took himself to South America and disappeared among the people and is supposed to be there still or perhaps here in the United States, living his own life in his own way. There have been two sorts of Hapsburgs—those devoted to the rigid old usages and those who, desperately in revolt, threw themselves against all that was fixed and ordained. Francis Joseph's mother gave indication of the feeling of the first when she upbraided the Empress Elizabeth for begging to be allowed to take care of her own child for the consolation of the simple human duties of maternity. "Why," exclaimed the archduchess, "you have one of the grandest positions in the world and jewels richer than those of any other queen. What other consolation do you need?"

Stambouloff was shockingly murdered and Bulgaria was lost to Ferdinand through the insistence of his consort, Marie Louise of Austria (common name), upon the preservation of the niceties of the court etiquette she had been brought up to. That unfortunate minister was slighted by her simply because, like his own people, Stambouloff lacked some of the conventional graces of demeanor and deportment. Powerful though he was with the governments, the fact was neglected; consequently all other powers were alienated through her tactless exaggeration of his small slips of etiquette in approaching her or in approaching Ferdinand. Like Marie Louise of Bourbon, who had married Napoleon at a critical moment and then deserted him when he was sent to St. Helena, not even writing to him, but turning from the foremost soldier of his time, if not of all time, to such insignificant persons as Count Napperg and later Count de Bombelles of the Austrian army, Ferdinand's Austrian wife was not a blessing. In most of the Austrian archduchesses the idea of family, of aristocracy, of etiquette, of the distinction of blood, was uppermost. As one of them remarked to the British ambassador who innocently inquired whether his vis-à-vis knew a certain writer and philosopher, "My dear sir, you are speaking of another world!"

It was preferable for Napoleon's wife to come home from the most brilliant court in Europe after its demolition and view the festivities of the court of Vienna from behind a curtain or from the attic by means of a hole in the ceiling than to violate one of the sanctified customs, yet, on the other hand, there were princesses and princesses of the same Hapsburg-Bourbon family ready to grant themselves in marriage to the most outrageous petty royalties of Europe and then, when they found the human nature forming in their hearts, to burst away regardless of church and state and public reputation. Perhaps the men have been more contrarious than the women in this, as may be natural. The revolt was sometimes due to love, the kind of love celebrated by novelists and by poets. Even Francis Joseph, so the partisan courtiers represented, made the life of his cold, nun-like empress a martyrdom before it was ended four years ago by the knife of an anarchist.

Three years afterward, according to public reports, the Austrian emperor married, morganatically, Frau Katherine Schrott of the Vienna stage and had her previous marriage with Baron Kisch annulled thereafter. This was the Frau Schrott who used to make long journeys to carry in person to the empress the first violets of springtime. What a glimpse of royalty and of commons! Thackeray would have been glad to show it up. Then there was Archduke John, whom Von Moltke regarded as a brilliant strategist, who abhorred flatterers, and who, on his own hook, engaged himself to Donna Elvira of Spain, only to find that the requirements of the Austrian court forbade the union. Being a man before an archduke, he brooded over this situation and presently showed that he would not put up with the artificialities of aristocracy, would not tolerate bores whatever their birth, and declared that "the people are not made for the princes." One day he arrived at the post station of Brandhofen and needed horses and a postillion. There

were horses, but no postillion, and the postmaster, fearful of losing his place, asked his slim young daughter if she would serve. She pulled on the jockey breeches and the top boots and got astride a horse. At the end of the journey, noting her beauty, the Archduke John spoke to her, and she confessed, innocently, that, indeed, she was a girl, not a boy. Learning that, the archduke was smitten. When he contracted a morganatic marriage with her, she was made, for decency's sake, the Baroness of Brandhofen and afterward Countess of Meran, and her son came to great favoritism and the Order of the Golden Fleece and a privy councilorship.

In the Almanach de Gotha the archduke is entered now as having "disappeared," for no man knows what became of him after having taken, as skipper, a ship to South America. His brother, Louis Salvator, has the same distaste for the position to which he was born. He has spent his life in the study of history and geography and has published works on botany and nature which have admitted him to the Institute de France. Some time ago he purchased the island of Majorca, where he lives, retired, wearing blue jeans like a peasant and straw sandals and a flat cap with a long visor, taking frequent incognito voyages on his yacht. Archduke Joseph has devoted himself to agriculture and is the overseer of the emperor's various estates. He was the first to write a grammar of the Romyan tongue. Affable and cheery, he was loved by the Zingari, to whom he was devoted. In a utopian moment he thought that he could turn the gypsies from their nomadic life, so he built villages for them and taught them to till the soil. But they preferred to rove and to steal, and he left them to go to manage imperial country places. He wears the cross of Maria Theresa for extraordinary bravery and two crosses for having saved human lives from fire. He surreys is not to be counted among those whom Bismarck referred to as "the idiot archdukes of Austria."

Nor is Archduke Rainer. It was he who created the science and art museum at Vienna and managed the preliminaries of the international exhibition of 1873 and the musical exhibition of 1889. He is a faithful and capable officer of the militia, like any bourgeois citizen of means, and delights to live like one. Summers he spends at Brighton, England, in lodgings. Archduke Francis Ferdinand, brother of the emperor, is a skilled engineer. He was married morganatically six years ago to Sophie, Countess Chotek de Chotkowa de Wognau, because he loved her better than the ladies of his own grade.

Of the archdukes the black sheep is Otto, who is supposed to be heir apparent. Owing to the secrecy with which the law of succession has been kept since pragmatic sanction allowed Maria Theresa to come to the rescue of the Hapsburgs, whose male line was extinct, only one minister, sworn on taking office never to reveal the fact, knows who would be heir could be named to reign when Francis Joseph dies. Otto, however, since Francis Ferdinand married outside the charmed circle, is regarded as his nominal successor. He is one of the archdukes one reads about in fiction—lurid, scarum, hard drinking, thoughtless, brutal, who once in devilry jumped his horse back and forth over the coffin carried in a funeral procession and again tried one night to take some rosters to the chamber of his wife, a princess of Saxony. A faithful guard would not let him in, and the archduke was placed under three months' arrest by the emperor. Some time after that he was wounded in the shoulder with a bullet. Publicly it was given out that it was a hunting accident, but publicly it was believed that the brother of his wife had called him to account.

How Rudolph, the crown prince of Austria, son of the austere Elizabeth, who was a cousin of the Ludwig of Bavaria who met drowned his physician in charge and then himself in a lake, came to a wretched end for love is fresh in every one's memory. Elizabeth once protested to Francis Joseph that she perhaps had the Wittelsbach taint of lunacy, but "The Martyrdom of an Empress" would spend a different idea of her eccentricities. She, at any rate, never showed the human passion of "the Ferdinands," as those with Bourbon blood are called. It was Rudolph whom the royal mother-in-law would not let Elizabeth take care of in the motherly fashion she craved to exercise. Rudolph's wife, Stephanie of Belgium, was, it appears, provokingly jealous and had lost him before the ball at which he saw and became enamored of the Greek banker's daughter, Marie Baltazzi. After a night's interview with his father, the emperor, according to "The Martyrdom of an Empress," Francis Joseph was found bent in a faint upon his desk, and next night Rudolph was found dead in his hunting lodge with a pistol by his side, and on a couch, as if he had but just entered from traveling, lay the girl Marie, with a bottle labeled "strychnia." Notes written by both remarked upon the impossibility of going on with life in the conditions which were imposed by society.

A Senator's Pie Order. "An apple pie, a peach pie, a mince pie and a pudding for Senator Nelson!" This order was shouted down to the kitchen of the restaurant in the senate end of the capitol in Washington through the speaking tube the other day, says the New York Tribune. Senator Nelson was in an adjoining private dining room with a party of friends, Senator Billy Mason, however, was just eating a piece of pie himself at the counter, and as he gulped down the last bit he shouted loud enough to be heard at the Nelson table, "Add one doctor for Senator Nelson!" Then the Illinois foker slid out of the door.

## How Two Soldiers Strangely Met Death

It was in the month of August, 1879, that one of the most mysterious disappearances ever recorded in the west took place near the outlet of Henry lake, in Idaho.

Two troops of cavalry were summering in that region, and the story is retold by "English George," a noted scout, who accompanied the troops as hunter and guide.

One day a party of forty troopers were sent on an exploring expedition down the Snake river.

"Shortly after we made camp," says George, "while a part of the men were cooking supper and the remainder were picking the horses, a couple of men—Privates Ryelson and Manley, I think those were their names—took their carbines and started for a clump of cottonwoods on the opposite side of the valley, where one of the men had seen a couple of faint deer as we had gone into camp. The place was about a mile and a half from where we made our camp.

"Just as the sun reached the edge of the mountains in the west a few rays fell on the clump of cottonwoods into which the men had disappeared a few minutes before and brought it out in strong relief against the dark background of the mines.

"As we gazed half curiously at the effect of the sunset a shot rang out from the timber, followed by another and another; then, after several minutes' silence, the most agonizing yell imaginable arose from the timber. In an instant the cries resolved into appeals for help, and every soldier in the party dropped his supper and rushed pell-mell for the cottonwood thicket.

"When we reached the cottonwoods, there was not a sign of the men to be found, nor was there any trace of their arms or tracks leading from the thicket. We scoured around the place thoroughly until dark, but never a sign of the missing soldiers could we secure.

"The next morning the search was renewed, but with the same result—no trace of the missing men could be found. And though we stayed there for twenty-four hours and thoroughly scoured every part of the valley we did not secure a clue which would lead to the discovery of the fate of the two privates.

"A year or so ago Madison John and I were in that neighborhood hunting and we passed through the same thicket in which the men had disappeared. I told John of the disappearance of the men and our hunt for them. He asked



THE TREE STRAIGHTENED UP.

"me if we had looked up the trees," I told him no, and we scoured the thicket again in the hope of finding some clue to the men.

"We found it. In a cottonwood tree, which was then about six inches through, we discovered the remains of the two missing men or, rather, their skeletons. The tree had evidently been bent over by the two men for the purpose of hanging the carcasses of a deer into a convenient fork. One of the men had apparently tried to hold the carcass of the deer to place it over the fork, which had been sharpened. While he was doing this his hand slipped and the tree straightened up again. The neck of one of the men was caught in the fork of the tree as it straightened and the sharpened prong of the tree thrust itself through the lower jaw of the other as it straightened itself to its normal position.

"There the two men hung until they were strangled to death. This is our surmise of the manner in which it happened. The real truth of the matter will never be known, but when Madison John and I found the skeletons they were high and dry, at least twenty feet above the ordinary man's head. Where the deer they killed or their guns disappeared to I cannot say, but it was more than a little satisfaction to me to learn the fate of the two troopers."

Napoleon's Mistake. "What kind of a man was Napoleon?" asked the little boy. "He was one of the men whose mistakes made them famous," answered his cynical parent. "He undertook to control the world by organizing armies instead of organizing a trust."—Washington Star.

## MR. GRADGRIND

[Original.]

I am a tutor in an obscure college. I have been a tutor for twenty years, always having before me the hope of becoming professor, a hope which has been perpetually deferred. My family has meanwhile been increasing, though my salary has remained the same. I had given up any idea of change in my life when one morning the president sent for me and told me that Professor S., lecturer on chemistry, was to take a vacation and I had been selected to give lectures in his department until his return. I left the laboratory in which I instructed beginners and devoted myself to my new temporary duties.

During my lecture the door opened and a gentleman walked in on tiptoe, took a seat in the row of chairs farthest from me and listened intently to what I was saying. As I have never known any one except the students to attend my lectures, I was greatly surprised. However, I retained my equanimity, stimulated by the presence of the stranger, and flattered myself that I was making my discourse extraordinarily interesting. When I dismissed the class, the visitor remained and approached my desk.

"Permit me to inform you, sir, that the lecture I have just listened to is the most interesting I have ever heard."

I concealed my pleasure at the man's commendation as well as I could, and he went on:

"I am myself something of a chemist in a small way and, being in your town, availed myself of the privilege of hearing something on my favorite subject. Your charming discourse—

"Are you a professional chemist?"

"Not exactly—rather a practical one. I have succeeded in combining properties in a way to produce a cleansing material which I am now introducing to the world. I am the proprietor of Gradgrind's eradicator."

I heaved a sigh of disappointment. "I would be pleased to have you make an analysis of the eradicator and if you find it effective and harmless will gladly recompense you for your trouble."

"You wish a certificate?"

"That is what I would like, not that the eradicator requires anything but trial. Nevertheless the public is incredulous and needs testimony."

"What would the analysis and a statement be worth to you?"

"Millions, but I am free to say that in the beginning, till we sell the goods, my pecuniary resources are limited. I could make a first payment of all I possess. Let me see." He fumbled in his vest pocket and took out some small change.

"Seventy-three cents is the total assets of one who possesses an embryo fortune."

The man's pluck won me. "Give me a sample," I said. "I will analyze it and give you the result, but I do not care to take money from one poorer than myself."

He gave me a look of genuine thankfulness and a sample. Inviting him to return the next day after my lecture I went to the laboratory.

When Mr. Gradgrind returned the next day, I told him that his eradicator contained several valuable properties, but also an acid that would eat up any substance it touched. He was cast down for a moment, then, brightening up, said:

"Surely one with such a profound knowledge of chemical properties can find another to take its place."

I had caught the spirit of investigation and told Mr. Gradgrind that I would try and if successful would write him. He gave me his address and departed apparently perfectly assured that I would succeed.

I spent a month searching for an agent that would eat up dirt, grease and such substances without destroying the fabric from which they were to be removed and met with excellent success. I wrote Mr. Gradgrind to come and see me and he came a visit from him. The only change in him was that he had grown shorter.

"Mr. Gradgrind," I said, "I have discovered the required agent."

"Then, sir, your fortune is made."

"My fortune?"

"Yes, sir. If your agent proves satisfactory, I will give you a half interest in the business."

I smiled, gave him the secret and dismissed him and the matter from my mind at the same time.

I neither saw nor heard from Mr. Gradgrind for five years, though every house, barn and fence became gradually covered with advertisements of Gradgrind's eradicator, accompanied invariably by the letters "G. and G."

The only interest I took in the matter was as to the meaning of these letters. Yesterday morning I received a letter furnishing a view of the manufacturing establishment of Gradgrind's eradicator. Thinking it contained testimonials, I was about to throw it into the wastebasket when something, I knew not what, induced me to open it. I took out an account current of Gradgrind & Co. with their silent partner, Samuel Goswell, for the five years of their business and a check payable to my order for \$355,472.25 to balance.

I am still a tutor, for the unexpected windfall came only yesterday. At the close of the present term in June I go upon an extended tour abroad. The president of the corporation of the college, to whom I communicated my purpose and my good fortune last evening, has invited me to return whenever I like as professor of chemistry. Nothing succeeds so well as success. I shall not accept the offer. There is a great deal of begging nowadays for colleges, and I fear the president has an eye upon my fortune for the benefit of the one over which he presides.

## SMILE AS YOU GO.

Everybody Loves the Man With a Shining Countenance.

Brighter than the most brilliant of gems, electrifying with a radiance that does not dazzle so much as it calls forth a reflection of brightness, is the shining countenance.

The soul of each man is a sun of infinite energy and glorious light. But how few allow themselves to shine! How few faces are lit up with their possible divine life!

Take your thoughts away from the swamps of fear and evil, center them on the ideals of faith and love, on good intentions for others, and your countenance is at once illumined.

Look in a mirror, and you shall see that my words are true. Absolve yourself of all troubles, be peaceful, be still, cease all your repining; then your countenance will shine.

That such an instantaneous physical change can take place by a change of thought suggests what power there is in a renewed habit of thought, a habit created by repeated conscious repositing of calm, concentrated thinking in line with the ideal.

Not only is the countenance changed by a bright thought, but the whole body. The atoms are so many vortices of ether, and the central force of each is the mind.

A shining countenance is a smiling countenance. Look on life rightly, and you cannot but be pleased. Then you will smile, you will laugh with joy, because of life's possibilities.

You have perhaps desired to reach greater heights of power. You will reach them easier if you will but smile as you go.

There is every reason why the heart should be glad, and your love for others will show this so. This is the sunshine that expresses itself in your countenance. The mere fact of loving drives away fear and darkness. All false conceptions of duty, the conclusions of a biased reasoning, vanish at the appearance of love.

Every one loves the sunshiny days, and every one loves the man whose soul or individual sun shines through his face.

Such a man will be trusted wherever he is. He is an interpreter of life; he will intuitively grasp the meaning of things; he will be welcomed everywhere; he will recognize all and he will be recognized by all; he will be received as the Son of Man, a true exemplar of his race, a leader in the evolution of humanity; he will be an encouragement and an incentive to all.

A shining countenance is first of all an immediate phenomenon expressive of the proof of right thinking, and the same source of this illustration contains the potency of completely changing character, body, surroundings, of influencing the person, the community, the race, of issuing forth from its infinite, solar center great stream of life, giving our more vigor, raising the whole realm of existence to the higher plane. —Fred Barry.

### Too Generous.

"What was the trouble between Arabella and her young man that they gave up the idea of marrying?" asked a former resident of Busbly.

"Arabella was always rich," said the young lady's aunt, with impersonal calmness, "and that was the trouble—that and her being so literal. It's a terrible risky combination of qualities."

"They kept having litches all along, but come Christmas time Albert asked her right up and down what she wanted, for fear of making the wrong choice, and she said, 'You can give me enough candy to fill my slipper,' looking at him real coy."

"Well, her feet aren't as small as some, but that wasn't his idea. 'Twas because he's generous and not literal. He sent her a five pound box, poor, deluded critter, and she up and broke the engagement, and his little sister ate the candy and enjoyed it, by what I hear."—Youth's Companion.

### In a Critical Attitude.

Some people seem to be born in an unhappy frame of mind. They cannot admire excellence without making some comment on deficiencies. With them the "times are always out of joint." They are simply in a critical attitude, and nothing except grumbling will satisfy their morbid condition, says the Pittsburg Press. They remind one very strikingly of the old lady who, when she was asked how she felt, replied that she felt better, but that when she felt better she always felt worse, as she knew if she felt better she was going to have a worse spell again.

### The Curate's Compliment.

In a west end church on a recent Sunday the junior curate was preaching on reasons for coming to church. "Some people," he remarked, "come to church for no better reason than to show off their best clothes." Then he paused and glanced thoughtfully over his audience. "I am thankful to see, dear friends," he added, "that none of you has come here for that reason."—London Telegraph.

### Penalty of Laziness.

Head of Department—What's this lying on my desk? The last dunning letter received from my tailor, duly initiated by all my clerks! Oh, dear, what have I done? Actually sent it round to be duly noted without taking the trouble to look at it!—Pittsburg Blatter.

### His Maxim.

"It's always well to be on the safe side," mused the burglar, with a glow of satisfaction, as he crawled into the bank through the opening in the wall.—New York Times.

Any person attending a spiritualist séance in Boston.

**G. W. Paulus**

Buys and Sells Farms, Lands, Homes & Lots.

Insures Your Property Against Fires, Tornadoes In First class Companies.

Loans Money on First Class Securities.

For particulars Write or call on me at Grand Rapids, Wis. Office in Wood County Nat'l Bank Block. Phone 300.

## Where to Buy Shoes.

It is well to remember that there is a good store where you can get the best shoe service. Some day you will want a pair in a hurry and you may not know where to go.

This is the place to get the best the market affords at the least possible outlay. We do not keep shoddy shoes—neither do we charge fancy prices.

This is the all around satisfactory place to buy shoes. Remember!

**I. ZIMMERMAN,**  
West Side Shoeman.

## HARNESS HAPPENINGS

When looking for anything in the harness line, don't forget that J. H. Landry, whose shop is near the bridge on the West side, is always ready to supply your wants. He keeps everything in the line of harnesses and horse goods and his prices are so low that once you have traded with him you will look him up again. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

**J. H. LANDRY**  
WEST SIDE,  
NEAR BRIDGE.  
GRAND RAPIDS, - WIS.

## A. GITCHELL, PRACTICAL PLUMBER

Is now located at B. Metzger's old shop on the east side.

### DEPARTMENT SHOPS.

You can get your Plumbing and House Heating done.

Your Pumps repaired or new Pumps and Iron Pipe.

Your Horses Shod and Blacksmithing done

Your Wagons, Sleighs or Buggies repaired and painted and all kinds of wood work;

Each branch has a practical mechanic and we can turn out first class work in each department. All orders promptly attended to. Telephone 30.

**A. GITCHELL,**  
Grand Rapids, Wisconsin

ALL KINDS OF  
**COAL**  
PRICES RIGHT.

**E. C. KETCHUM.**



# Grand Rapids Tribune

BY DRUMB & SUTOR.

Grand Rapids, Wis., Jan., 7 1903

Entered at the Post Office at Grand Rapids, Wis., as second-class mail matter.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months......75

## Real Estate Transfers.

The following real estate transfers have been recorded in the office of the register of deeds during the past week:

H. P. Chase, et al., to Henry A. Sampson, jr. Tract in the city of Grand Rapids on east side \$300.  
Ella Fraser and husband to Fredrick Olson. Sw 1/4 of sw 1/4 in section 9, town of Remington; \$4,000.  
Lawrence Ward, et al., to N. D. Johnson of Maunline, Ill. E 1/2 of the sec 4, section 9, town of Remington.  
Lawrence Ward, et al., to G. W. Johnson of Maunline, Ill. W 1/2 of the sec 4 of section 10, town of Remington.

Rachael Gardner to Clara Mickelson of Postville, Ia. Lots 7, 8 and 9, block 4, Gardner's addition to the city of Grand Rapids; \$250.

Lawrence Ward, et al., to Wm. Eigiste of Lombardville, Ill. Sec 1/2 and the sec 1/2 of the sec 32, and the sec 1/2 of the sec 33, and the sec 1/2 of the sec 33, town of Dexter; \$3,360.

Frank Garrison to Oliver Trudell. Lot 8, block 26, original plat of the city of Centralia; \$650.

Louis Jaekel and wife to Margaret Huntzicker. Lots 10 and 11, block D, city of Marshfield; \$1,800.

Thomas Ewer to John Jenkins. N 1/2 of the sec 16, section 16, town of Richfield.

Justin Porte and wife to Herman J. Sigglekow. Sec 4, section 53, town of Rock.

William C. Tilton and wife to Herman Sigglekow. Sw 1/4 of section 23, town of Rock.

Minerva Friday and husband to Lucy E. Taxis. Sec 4 of section 20, town of Port Edwards; \$1,500.

Edward Kennedy to Mary J. Kennedy. Sec 1/2 of the sec 15 and sec 1/2 of section 14, town of Auburndale; \$4,000.

Edward L. Reese to Wm. Goldammer and wife. Lots 6 and 7 in Pors addition to the city of Marshfield; \$435.

Michalina Robak to Maigorzata Marchefka. Lot 3, block 60, village of Nekosia; \$450.

John Hyland and wife to John Harkin. Lots 12, 10 and 14, block 27, city of Marshfield; \$450.

Peter K. Peterson to John W. Puerner and Samuel Puerner and Ralph Fuller. 1 acre in sec 1/2 of sec 1/2 of section 4, town of Marshfield.

Nicholas Pinton and wife to Jacob Pinton. W 1/2 of lot 3 in block S, city of Marshfield; \$1,500.

John Arguette and wife to Math Messen. Sec 1/2 of the sec 1/2 and sec 1/2 of the sec 1/2 of section 32, town of Richfield; \$702.

Benj. J. Bartt and wife to Nelson E. Hilbert. W 1/2 of the sec 4, section 9, town of Rock; \$300.

Albert Otto and wife to Ernest R. Behrenger. N 1/2 of the sec 1/2, section 9, town of Milladore; \$500.

Louise Krecklow and husband to Edwin J. Hahn. Sec 1/2 of the sec 1/2 and the sec 1/2 of the sec 1/2, section 10, town of Lincoln; \$200.

F. W. Welk and wife to Wm. Spooner. Fraction in section 36, town of Milladore; \$100.

**Cranberry Growers' Meeting.**

The sixteenth annual meeting of the Wisconsin State Cranberry Growers' association will be held on Tuesday, January thirteenth (13), 1903, in council rooms at 9 a. m. sharp. The public is cordially invited, and the following order of business, as fixed by the committee of arrangements, is herewith given:

Reading of Minutes.  
President's Address.—Chas. Briere.  
Report of Statistician.

Reports of Standing Committees.  
(a) Crop estimate. (b) Printing and publication.

Report of Special Committee. Legislation.  
Report of Treasurer.—M. O. Potter.  
Election of Officers.

Report of Keeper of Experimental Station.  
Exhibit at Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904.

Cranberry Journal.

**Question Box.**

(1) Are smaller packages than barrel desirable?—J. B. Arpin, Grand Rapids.

(2) How many grades deemed advisable?—Edward Kruger, Cranmore.

(3) Official inspection and branding.—E. K. Tuttle, Mather.

(4) "Sound Berries."—H. H. Gebhardt, Black River Falls.

(5) Flooding for Winter.—Horace Miner, Berlin.

(6) Spring Draining.—Ralph Smith, Centralia.

**Addresses, Articles, Reviews and Discussions.**

Science and Art of Cranberry Growing.—Judge John A. Gaynor.

Past, Present and Future of the Cranberry.—D. S. Burr.

Best Methods of Handling Water.—Chas. S. Whitlesey.

Fruit Growing organization of California.—Ex-Pros. A. C. Bennett.

The State and the Cranberry.—Prof. E. P. Sandsten, Horticulturist University of Wisconsin.

Relation of Press to Producer and Purchaser.—"The Packer Man."

Small Packages from Retailers Point of View.—Chas. F. Kruger, [Johnson & Hill Co.]

Miscellaneous Business.  
By order of Executive Committee.  
W. H. Fitch, Sec'y.

Cranmore, Dec. 31st, 1902.

**Domestic Troubles.**

It is exceptional to find a family where there are no domestic troubles. Generally, but these can be lessened by having Dr. King's New Life Pills around. Many trouble their souls by their great work in stomach and liver troubles. They not only

## Fishing Party.

In spite of the cold and snow last Tuesday evening the Epworth League enjoyed a fishing party that would be a treat to the most devoted follower of "The Father of Angling." When the attendance contest was begun three months ago the League was divided as evenly as possible into the "Reds" and the "Whites," it being agreed that the side scoring the lowest number of points at the close should entertain the other side. This obligation fell to the "Reds" who decided to give their opponents as well as themselves a chance to fish. We did not dare question the powers that be, but we have a suspicion that this entertainment was provided in order that the "Reds" might become more expert in securing points, should the occasion arise. On entering the parlors each guest was presented with a number which was duplicated. Great fun was manifested during the search for a partner with the right number and when he was found for each one the fishing began. Various devices were worn by twenty Epworthians to represent the different species of the finny tribe and the problem was to guess what particular fish each one represented. The prize, which created great amusement, was a small fish wrapped in tissue paper and tied with a ribbon. It was awarded to Miss Marguerite Granger. The novel plan of having those present fish for their supper created much merriment. One of the doors was screened high enough to prevent the fisherman from seeing the bait awaiting his hook. With high hopes he would raise his line, perhaps, to find on it only an empty basket. He was then obliged to try again when, if fortune favored him, his supper was his reward. Fish pond and other games were played by all who wished, and the fishing party proved to be a red letter event in Epworth League history.

## Life on the Farm.

In his message, President Roosevelt puts the stamp of hearty approval on the rural free delivery system, and he sees more in it than the simple delivering of mail matter to the folks on the farm.

It is one of a host of modern things that are making life away from cities more pleasant and attractive; and some day, it is believed, the constant flow of young men and women from broad acres of land to crowded cities will be checked.

There are not enough successful farmers—progressive, wideawake and modern tillers of the soil. How can there be when the sons are not willing to follow in the footsteps of their fathers? These boys crave for excitement, luxuries, better clothing, the noise and bustle of a busy world.

In a good many instances these youngsters of the farm swap pure gold for dross; peace for discontent. They even make less money than could be wrested from the soil at home. They prefer to chase dollars in a crowd. They risk health and morals. There are temptations in a city that the farm dwellers know nothing of, and are blessed in their ignorance.

There are little towns that have been almost swept of their young men, while at the plow are greybeards; old fellows who need the help of sons, and mourn because of the city madness that has become epidemic.

The fountain of American prosperity is in the soil. We are still an agricultural nation, and wise men assert that we must remain such.

Anything that science, invention and new laws can do to make life on the farms more attractive to the young folks will have a bearing on the future welfare of the nation.

Cheap telephones, rural free mail delivery and interurban street railroads are putting the farms in touch with the rest of city life and the result can only be good.—Ex.

The more Hart's Honey and Horehound is used the better it is liked. We know of nothing so good for croup or whooping cough. It is good when your cough is deep seated or your lungs sore or painful. It is good for any kind of a cough. Oran Hammond a railroad man at LeRoy, Ill., says, "that his success depends upon the condition of his health and that his lung trouble has been completely cured by using Hart's Honey and Horehound, after having tried other well known medicines without benefit." Sold by Sam Chubb, druggist.

## Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals will be received by Otto J. Leu, town of Altdorf, Wood county, Wis., until the 15th of January, 1903, inclusive, for furnishing all material and doing all work necessary for the construction of a school building according to plans and specifications which can be found at the office of W. M. Martin, architect, Grand Rapids. The committee reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

## Tough on "Shredded Biscuit."

The cob industry is getting to be a great industry. In Indiana there is a large factory that utilizes millions of bushels of cobs and they are not manufactured into pipes either. A substance known as "corona" is made from the cobs which is a fine article that is supposed to enter largely into "shredded biscuit" and other similar articles of food. The work is carried on in secrecy and just what becomes of the output or to whom it is sold, no one knows. Verily we are coming back to the old saying, "cob and all." I wonder how cob pancakes would go with glucose molasses or cob shredded biscuit with glucose sugar and an article called milk by city residents which is far from being the same article that is looked upon as such by farmers.—Wisconsin Farmer.

## A Cure For Lumbago.

W. C. Williamson, of Amherst, Va., says: "For more than a year I suffered from lumbago. I finally tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it gave me entire relief, which all other remedies had failed to do." For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood Co. Drug Co.

—John Dengler's Capital for 5 cents

## The Only Way is to Advertise.

John Wanamaker says: "There is only one way to advertise and that is to hammer your name, your location and your business so constantly, so persistently, so thoroughly into the people's heads that if they walk in their sleep they would constantly turn their faces toward your store. The newspaper is your best friend in spite of your criticism. It helps to build up the community that supports you. When the day comes that the newspapers are dead the people are near the edge of the grave, with no one to write their epitaph."

Let the gigantic establishments of Wanamaker in Philadelphia and New York attest the truth of the foregoing. Witness the magnificent structure on State street, Chicago, the Marshall Field store. Go up and down the streets of your own city, of your own town, and you will almost invariably find that the size of a retail establishment relatively approximates the size of the advertisement carried in the local papers. Unto him that advertises shall be given. To him that advertises not shall be taken. Even that which he hath.

It is a condition of affairs governed by fixed laws. It is but natural that the man who advertises is known. The locality of his store is known, and the quality of his goods is an open book to the public. So much for real advertising.

There are in Chicago two firms that do a business that runs annually far into the millions. How did they build this business? How did they place their names before a population of over seventy million people until those names have become a by-word in almost every home in the United States? By advertising alone. And the houses of Montgomery Ward and Sears, Roebuck stand today as monuments erected to men who pinned their faith to printer's ink and did not lose. What magic power is back of Force, of Omega Oil, of Uneda Biscuit, of Shredded Wheat Biscuit, and hundreds of other products that are today having an enormous sale in every town and in every village in the United States? Advertising again.

No business, be it local or general, may flourish or survive in this day of active advertising competition, unless it enters the lists and finds its way to its allotted place in the ranks of successful business undertaking.

Many of the ills from which women suffer can be completely cured with Rocky Mountain Tea. Rich, red blood, good digestion and health follow its use. 35 cents Johnson & Hill Co.

## Unclaimed Letters.

West Side.  
List of letters unclaimed in the west side postoffice, for the week ending Jan. 3, 1903.

Brown, Anna  
Fontaine, Mattie  
Marty, Mary  
Schrader, Mrs Wm  
Fontaine, Al P  
Larsson, L. B  
Carlson, Julius

Persons calling for the above named letters will please say "advertised."

R. A. McDONALD, Postmaster.

East Side.

Following is the list of unclaimed letters in the east side postoffice, for the week ending Jan. 5, 1903:

Geisinger, Henry  
Hanneman, Albert  
Hanneman, Herman  
Mysland, Guleik

Persons calling for the above please say "advertised."

A. L. FONTAINE, Postmaster.

## Wonderful Nerve.

It displayed by many a man enduring pains of accidental Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, sore feet or stiff joints. But there's no need for it. Bucklen's Arnica Salve will kill the pain and cure the trouble. It's the best Salve on earth for Piles, too. 25c at John E. Davis, druggist.

Wausau Record: The St. Paul railway will put on two freight trains Saturday to make probably the longest log haul ever attempted in the state. The logs will be loaded about eight miles above Starlake and hauled to Junction City, a distance of 128 miles. Here they will be turned over to the Wisconsin Central for a 98 mile journey to Chippewa Falls, making the total length of the haul 226 miles. They are for the Chippewa Log and Boom Co. and will be manufactured into lumber at Chippewa Falls. Besides the long haul being a matter of moment, the case is peculiar in that these logs are naturally tributary to Wisconsin river valley mills and it seems there would be profit in having them cut into lumber at some of the valley mills.

## To cure a cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A dispatch from Marshfield says that the farmers and small mill owners living near Chili are engaged in an enterprise that would seem to suggest that the logging of pine in that section had reached the limit. During the early days when the pine forests in that particular locality seemed inexhaustible, corduroy roads across swamp lands were made out of pine logs that are as scarce today as they were plentiful then. This winter these logs are being exhumed and sawed into piece stuff which finds ready market at fancy prices. Strangely enough the timber is in a good state of preservation.

## A Good Recommendation.

"I have noticed that the sale on Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets is almost invariably to those who have once used them," says Mr. J. H. Webber, a prominent druggist of Cascade, Iowa. "What better recommendation could any medicine have than for people to call for it when again in need of such a remedy? Try them when you feel dull after eating, when you have a bad taste in your mouth, feel bilious, have no appetite or when troubled with constipation, and you are certain to be delighted with the prompt relief which they afford." For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood Co. Drug Co.

## Market Prices.

The following are the market prices of produce in the city of Grand Rapids corrected on the day of publication:

Potatoes, 2 bushel.....	31
Wheat, No. 2, 2 bushel.....	1.50
Rye, 2 bushel.....	.41
Oats, 2 bushel.....	.32
Corn, shelled, 2 100 lbs.....	1.05
Hay, mow, 2 ton.....	4.50
Hay, stack, 2 ton.....	7.50
Eggs, 2 dozen.....	.25
Butter, 2 lb.....	.18 @ .22
Beans, 2 bushel.....	1.30 @ 2.00
Peas, 2 bushel.....	.70
Onions, 2 bushel.....	.30
Beef, live, 2 100 lbs.....	2.00 @ 2.50
Beef, dressed, 2 100 lbs.....	4.50 @ 5.50
Pork, live.....	5.00
Pork, dressed.....	6.00
Veal, live, 2 100 lbs.....	.94 1/2
Veal, dressed, 2 100 lbs.....	.97
Chickens, live, 2 10.....	7 @ .08
Chickens, dressed, 2 10.....	12 1/2 @ .15
Turkeys, live, 2 10.....	12 @ .17
Turkeys, dressed, 2 10.....	13 @ .17
Flour, patent, 2 bbl.....	1.20
Feed, 2 ton.....	22.50
Middlings, 2 ton.....	18.50
Crin, 2 ton.....	16.00
Bolled Corn Meal, bbl.....	3.50
Lard, 2.....	12 1/2
Whole Hams, 2.....	12 1/2
Mess Pork, bbl.....	17.0

## This Paper and Weekly Wisconsin.

We have perfected clubbing arrangements whereby we can now offer both this paper and the Weekly Wisconsin for the low price of \$1.50 a year. The Weekly Wisconsin is a family newspaper unexcelled in reputation. Particular attention is devoted to the local news of the northwest. Its woman's page of matter every week is worth the cost of a paper.

—One big load of dry kindling wood delivered to any part of the city for \$1.25. BADGER BOX & LUMBER CO. Telephone No. 314.

## VICTORIA, DEWEY, SUNBEAM

### A WISE WOMAN

Knows that one of the first requisites in making good bread is to have first-class flour, and she will generally have it if it is obtainable.

### A WISE MAN

Will always see to it that his wife has good flour and to make sure of the matter he will order VICTORIA, DEWEY or SUNBEAM.

## GRAND RAPIDS MILLING CO.

## WISSMER & PASSER,

—Manufacturers of—

## HAVANA and DOMESTIC CIGARS.

5c—Bell Rose and Cuban Specials.

10c—El Puerto.

In our retail department may be found a full supply of Tobaccos and Cigars. Pipes and Smokers' Supplies. Patronage solicited.

WEST SIDE.

GROSS' OLD STAND.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

## Johnson & Hill Co.

GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.

# AFTER-HOLIDAY Clearing Sale

Now that the great holiday rush is over, giving us time to more carefully look over our stock, we find a great many broken lines, odds and ends, remnants, etc.

## WE WANT TO CLEAN UP ON ALL WINTER GOODS.

We don't want to carry over anything in these lines and with this end in view we have cut the price deep, in some cases one-third.

### Ladies' Jackets.

There may be those who have put off buying, waiting for these bargains. Now is the time. Prices greatly reduced. Furs and Fur Coats greatly reduced.

### Portieres and Couch Covers.

At 10 to 20 per cent discount during clearance sale.

### Blankets and Quilts.

Blankets at 50c to \$10 per pair. All must go before Feb. 1st.

### School Shoes.

Ask to see our \$1.25 and \$1.50 school shoes for girls.

### Carpets and Rugs.

Don't forget we keep the finest line of carpets in Wood county.

### Broken Lines of Men's, Boys' and Children's SUITS.

There are a great number of suits only one or two of a line left but a great assortment and sizes to fit all in the entire lot. The price is cut deep. Now is the time.

### Shawls! Shawls!

All wool shawls at almost your own price.

### Night Robes.

Outing Flannel night robes—a complete new line.

### Overshoes and Rubbers.

Did you get a poor pair somewhere. Come here when you want another pair. We will give you good ones and cheap too.

Remember we guarantee everything. Money refunded if not right. Come in and help us clear the decks for the oncoming season.

# JOHNSON & HILL COMPANY

## DEPARTMENT STORE.

EAST SIDE.

GRAND RAPIDS.



**FRANK A. CADY,**  
**Attorney at Law.**

Offices in Wood Block, (East Side) Grand Rapids, Wisconsin. A general law business conducted.

**REAL ESTATE MATTERS A SPECIALTY**  
If you want to sell your farm or house and lot, list it for sale with me. If you want to buy a farm, a house in the city, or wild land, let me tell you where you can do so cheapest and best. Real estate loans and investments negotiated. Defective Titles Perfected.

**GOGGINS & BRAZEAU,**  
**Attorneys at Law.**

Office in the Mackinon Block on the West side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**WHEELAN & WHEELAN,**  
**Attorneys at Law.**

Office in the Daily Block on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**B. M. VAUGHAN,**  
**Attorney at Law.**

Real Estate Bought and Sold on Commission. Gartner Block, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**W. J. CONWAY,**  
**Attorney at Law.**

Offices in Court House, First Side, and Mackinon Block, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**CONWAY & JEFFREY,**  
**Attorneys at Law.**

Law, Loans and Collections. We have \$20,000 which will be loaned at a low rate of interest. Office over First National Bank, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**GEO. H. METCALFE,**  
**Attorney at Law.**

Office in Mackinon Block on the west side, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

**J. W. COCHRAN,**  
**Attorney at Law.**

Office over the Bank, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis. Will practice in all courts of the state.

**JOHN A. GAYNOR,**  
**Attorney at Law.**

Office over the Postoffice on the East Side. Will practice in all courts.

**DR. ROBT. F. ERLER,**  
**Dentist.**

Teeth extracted and filled without pain. Full sets in gold and rubber plates. Office in Court House Building on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. O. T. HOUGEN,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**

Office over Daily Building on East Side, Grand Rapids. Office phone No. 115, residence No. 10.

**DR. W. D. HARVEY,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**

Specialty of eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses accurately fitted. Office over Cohen's Store, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. J. J. LOOZE,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**

Telephone No. 62. Residence telephone No. 149. Office over Wood County Drug Store on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. A. L. RIDGEMAN,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**

Telephone No. 92. Residence phone No. 20. Office over Church's Drug Store on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. F. POMAINVILLE,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**

Telephone at office, No. 2; residence No. 14. Office in room of St. John's Drug Store on East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. D. WATERS,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**

Night Calls at Dixon House, telephone No. 55. Office over Church's Drug Store, telephone No. 182, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. CHAS. POMAINVILLE,**  
**Dentist.**

Telephone No. 216. Office in Pomainville Block West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. D. A. TELFER,**  
**Dentist.**

Office over Wood County National Bank on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. F. D. HUMPHREY,**  
**Physician and Surgeon.**

Graduate Homoeopathic and Allopathic Schools. Special attention given to women and children and all chronic diseases. Office over Candy Kitchen, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**DR. A. B. CRAWFORD,**  
**Dentist.**

High grade service at reasonable fees. Office in Redland building on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

**Poor Minnesota.**

The Madison Democrat says: "Poor Minnesota! Her coat has decided, so it is said, that wife-beating is 'legal' in that state. Now mark the consequences: Immigration will cease. There will be an end of marrying. Girls will consent only on the condition that they are not to live in that state. The strong minded wives will insist that their husbands sell out and move to more humane regions. In vain will the husbands plead that they do not intend to assert this right. The wives will reply that the rule generally is that the men are just as mean as the law allows, and most always a little meaner. The Minnesota court will be talked about in the woman's clubs and tea parties in a way that will be very 'drowsome' to the judicial ears of gopherdom."

**SHORT LOCALS**

Mayor Wheelan is in Eau Claire on legal business.

Geo. N. Wood spent Sunday with friends in Ripon.

C. E. Boles spent Sunday with friends at Marshfield.

The Woman's club meets with Mrs. Lipke next Monday evening.

Atty. B. R. Goggins was in Wausau on Saturday on legal business.

The Travel class meets with Mrs. I. P. Witter on Monday afternoon.

William Gebhardt spent Sunday at Mosinee, visiting among friends.

Fred Kruger transacted business in Milwaukee the latter part of the week.

Frank Garrison and E. T. Harmon were in Chicago the first of the week.

Mrs. Frank Sheehan of Portage spent New Years with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Anderson of Marshfield were in the city over New Year the guest of Mrs. Anderson's parents.

Seth Jones came up from Fond du Lac to spend New Year day with parents and other relatives and friends.

The engagement of Miss Florence Phillo to Guy Nash has been made public.

A. L. Akey of Biron was among the callers at the Tribune office on Monday.

Mrs. A. B. Crawford spent Sunday in Marshfield with her son Albert and mother.

Joseph Cohen went to Waupaca on Sunday to attend to some business matters.

B. Brill and son of Stevens Point were in the city one day last week on business.

W. J. Clark of Rudolph was a pleasant caller at the Tribune office on Friday.

Mrs. John Bringer of Merrill is the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. W. Mosher, this week.

John Ole of Duinith is a guest of his brother Louis Ole of the east side this week.

Cusher W. Kusserow of New London was the guest at the Noetzel home for a few days.

Seth Smith and Owen Peck of Nasonville were business visitors in the city on Tuesday.

Contractor Will Ole of Stevens Point was a business visitor in the city on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Leonard spent Sunday at Wrightstown visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. John O'Day and daughters spent the holidays in our city visiting relatives and friends.

W. H. Remington and T. Cummings of Babcock were business visitors in the city on Saturday.

Miss Mollie McGloin was the guest of Miss Mattie Powers at Marshfield last week.

Miss Sarah Munding of Port Edwards was a visitor at the home of Rev. Bittner this week.

Chas. Pasineau who is employed at Minocqua spent the holidays with his parents on the west side.

Bert Sensibe of Michigan was the guest of his uncle, officer John Garhee a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Zillmer were called to Watertown last week to attend the funeral of a relative.

Mrs. Mayme Wheeler and son Roy, of Chippewa Falls were guests of Mrs. Hugh Goggins over Sunday.

Atty. E. M. Deining and E. C. Pors of Marshfield transacted legal business in the city on Monday.

Judge Andrews and Officer Mike Griffin of Marshfield were business callers in the city on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reed of Necedah spent New Years at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Kellogg.

Miss Floy Phillo expects to leave today for Tomahawk to visit a week with her sister, Mrs. J. D. Cutter.

Miss Delia Larson of Marshfield visited friends in the city over New Years, returning home on Friday.

Ernest Kellner is now traveling for a tobacco house in Virginia. His territory is in Northern Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Fox spent several days last week in Plainfield visiting among relatives and friends.

Stephen Brazeau left on Sunday for Ann Arbor, Mich., where he will take his studies again in the medical school.

William Pribbanow went to Merrill on Monday to be gone for some time on business for the F. MacKinnon Mfg. Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Jos. M. Okoneski are the happy parents of a baby girl, the little stranger arriving at the 4th instant.

Mr. and Mrs. Theby of Appleton, who had been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Lipke, left the early part of last week for their home.

Miss Elsie Hutchinson, office lady at Dr. Humphrey's, returned on Monday from Elroy, where she had been spending the holidays with relatives.

Miss Emma Dugas, who has been visiting with Mrs. Clarissa Arpin, returns to her home at Menominee tomorrow.

A. L. Kromer of Ashland is expected to arrive in the city tomorrow to visit his relatives and friends here for a few days.

Ed. Whitney expects to leave today for Hamburg, Arkansas, where he has accepted a position with a lumber company.

Edward Kostka, the east side tailor, is having his shop greatly improved in appearance with the use of paint and paper.

Frank Metelka of Marshfield played the clarinet in the Monarch orchestra at the Fireman's Ball New Years night.

Mrs. D. G. Webster of Merrill spent several days here the first of the week the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Wildfang.

Fred Labrot who is now employed as shipping clerk in a paper mill at Shawano, spent a few days here last week with relatives.

Mrs. W. S. Buckley and children of Telluride, Colorado, who have been the guests of Mrs. C. Arpin, left for their home on Saturday.

The Stevens Point Journal states that a marriage license has been issued to Albert Kubisiak of this city to Anna Knock of Plover.

Miss Mae Duggan, who is teaching at Hurley, was in the city several days the past week the guest of her sister, Miss Laura Duggan.

Miss Agnes Waters, who is visiting Dr. and Mrs. McGregor at Nekeosa, was in the city over New Year day to visit her brother, Dr. D. Waters.

Mrs. Geo. Fisher of Waupaca, who has been the guest of her son-in-law, I. Zimmerman the past two weeks returned to her home on Saturday.

Richard Wiperman gave a farewell party, Saturday evening in honor of Harry Gardner, at his home. Everyone reports a most enjoyable time.

Miss Eleonora Bittner left on Tuesday for Watertown to pursue her studies in the Northwestern university after a pleasant holiday vacation.

Lawrence Nash, of St. Louis, Mo., was in the city several days last week the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Nash, returning to his work on Monday.

A party was held on Friday evening at the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Ridgman in honor of Miss Mae Duggan. The evening was spent in playing cards.

Miss Belle Harding left Saturday for Columbus, where she has accepted a position as teacher in the drafting department of the Adams dressmaking college.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Kromer and Miss Helen Kromer were in Stevens Point on Saturday to attend the funeral of Chas. Oster. Mrs. Kromer is still at the Point.

Miss Alice Ruegan has resigned her position as stenographer at the Oberbeck Bros. Manufacturing Co. and departed for her home in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Attorney Gerhard Dahl of Stevens Point was in the city on Monday on legal business. Mr. Dahl is the recently elected district attorney of Portage county.

Misses Gussie and Louise Noetzel departed to resume their vocations in New London and Oshkosh respectively, after having spent the holidays with their parents.

Supervisor E. Mechler of Marshfield was in the city on Monday for a short time, being on his way home from Kilmour where he had been to attend the funeral of his mother.

Henry Hartl and wife of Neillsville arrived in the city last week and expect to make this their home. Mr. Hartl having accepted a position a carver at the furniture factory.

Miss Libbie Miller and brothers, Grant and Will, left Stevens Point the first of the week for Albuquerque, N. M. to spend the winter and may decide to remain there permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Freeman left on January 1st for Menominee, Mich., where they will make their home with their daughter, Mrs. Woodford. They leave many friends in Grand Rapids.

Lucian Berard and family have moved into their home on Law street. Alfred, who has been seriously ill, is much improved but will not be able to resume his duties as teacher at Bleeker.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Warner returned on Saturday from Marshfield. Mr. Warner has leased the residence recently vacated by F. A. Cady and will occupy the premises with his family.

Mrs. M. Mathews of Saratoga who spent the past three weeks helping her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Frechette, settle in her new home and spending the holidays, returned to her home on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Fleckenstein of Marshfield were in the city on Friday and Saturday of last week. Mr. Fleckenstein installed the officers in the Forester lodge on Friday evening, he being deputy chief ranger.

Fred Turbin, who has been employed in the clothing store of Kruger & Cameron, is confined to home with an attack of pneumonia. He was quite sick last week, but is somewhat better at this time.

Albert Lathrop who has been acting as baggageman at the St. Paul depot for some time has been promoted to a position as operator and he commenced his duties at Babcock. He is succeeded by Will Hamm of Rudolph.

Martin Christenson and family of Loyal spent Friday and Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dudley of the west side. They were on their way home from Minneapolis where they had been spending the holidays.

M. A. Bogoger was down from Merrill the latter part of last week to spend a few days with his family. Mr. Bogoger reports himself as well pleased with his investment at Merrill and expects to remove his family the spring.

John Rice and Miss Jessie Rice of West Superior are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Lutz. On Saturday evening Miss Estella Lutz gave a party in honor of the visitors, about twenty being present. Those present report a good time.

A party consisting of Mrs. E. B. de Nevers, Mrs. J. Z. Arpin, Miss Florette de Nevers, Mrs. W. S. Buckley and Roy Nash went to Stevens Point on Wednesday to attend a party of the Twentieth Century club at the home of E. J. Piffner.

I love thee, O yes, I love thee, But it's all that I can ever be. For in my visions in the night, My dreams are Rocky Mountain Tea, Johnson & Hill Co.

—Mr. Earl Dote and a competent cast will be at the Grand Opera house Jan. 13th in Dumas' great drama, "The Man in the Iron Mask." Mr. Dote's return this city will be heralded by many of the local theatre goers who remember him as Mephisto in his famous production of Faust, which showed here two years ago.

While funeral services were being held in the Methodist Episcopal church at Marshfield Sunday over the remains of G. A. Lupient, an old soldier, a detective furnace set fire to the floor directly under the casket. A rush for the doors was made, and the coffin was carried out over the seats. When the cortege was returning from the graveyard the Rev. Mr. McKinney, the officiating pastor, was struck by a runaway team and sustained serious injuries.

Advertising is not an experiment, nor is it an art, nor is it a chance. It is a business proposition. It requires the thought of the business man and must have the care which would be given to any other business investment. The space used must be filled with values which will interest so that the results may prove all that could be desired by the average business man.

R. C. Dowsett, secretary of the Wisconsin conference of the Seventh Day Adventists, was in the city on Friday on his way from Milwaukee to Bethel, Mr. Dowsett stated that the place of holding the 1903 camp meeting of the society had not been definitely decided upon at this time but that it would probably be at Marshfield or else in this city again. He spoke very highly of the way in which the members of the society had been treated in this city and said most of them would like to come here again.

Chilton Times: B. R. Goggins of Grand Rapids, this state, and Wm. Goggins, of the state of Washington, spent a few days in this city and vicinity the forepart of this week, visiting the scenes of their childhood. The former gentleman is recognized as one of the leading attorneys of the bar of Northern Wisconsin. The latter has been absent from this country for the past fifteen years, spending the greater portion of the time in the state of Washington, where he has been engaged in mining and conducting a cattle ranche. Both were heartily welcomed by old friends and neighbors.

Here's philosophy for you, laid down by Michigan's chronic kicker, Editor Keyes, of Lexington:

"The simplest and plainest laws of health are outraged every hour of the day by the average man. Did Adam smoke? Did Eve wear corsets? Did Solomon chew tobacco? Did Ruth chew gum? Did the children of Israel make for a beer garden after crossing the Red Sea? Did Rebecca eat chocolates and ice cream and call for soda water?" This is a bunch of questions difficult of answering. Taking it for granted that they were not addicted to any of the quoted follies, we can only suggest that they missed a lot of fun, if they didn't participate in these "naughties."

Fond du Lac Reporter: The "Card of Thanks," is a thing seldom seen nowadays. There was a time when a death in the family always called forth a card of thanks from the bereaved relatives. Sometimes the expressions of grief in these cards were so at variance with the real sentiment of the survivors that they were ridiculous. Today many papers refuse to print these cards unless they are paid for at regular advertising rates. At the best they are but an advertisement of grief, of no interest to the general public, better dispensed with.

The U. S. Civil Service Commission reports that for the year ending June 30, 1902, there were 14,983 persons appointed from its registers. This was 4,692 more than was ever before appointed in a single year. Anyone wishing information about these positions can secure it free by writing to the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. The Commission will hold examinations to secure young men and women for these places during March and April at La Crosse, Madison, Milwaukee and Stevens Point. Many people do not know that these appointments are made without political influence and that a large share of them are filled by those having only a common school education, but such is the case.


Wausau Pilot: "Brotherly Love" is not over knee deep among the editors in Barron county. In his last issue the pencil pusher of the Barron Weekly Call referred to one of his brother editors as follows:

"The slink who would grovel in the mire for a counterfeited penny with a hole in it, whom it is easy to prove is a prevaricator; a plagiarist, stealing the brains of men and doing them up in a newspaper, yclept rag; a pretender with a forced, hectic laugh; a scavenger and a tool for men who desire to rule; a drinker who was put to sleep by liquor in the West hotel through fear of one Tug Wilson whom he had maligned; a dinger, who pesters the merchants every day in the year; a smirking, groveling, penny-grabbing, specimen of humanity whom God must have created after first building the jackass; a thing on earth with a bald pate and a red halo surrounding a nuffull of nothingness; a narrow, egotistical omen of evil; this specimen of the human race attempted to hire the only help we had in the office with hope of injuring The Call and perhaps forcing it to the wall. He failed in his effort, however, and the paper was issued as usual."

A Marvelous Invention.

Wonders never cease. A machine has been invented that will cut, paste and hang wall paper. The field of inventions and discoveries seems to be unlimited. Notable among great discoveries is Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It has done a world of good for weak and saved many a life. Thousands have used it and conquered Grip, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption. Their general verdict is: "It's the best and most reliable medicine for throat and lung troubles. Every 50c and \$1.00 bottle is guaranteed by John H. Daly, druggist. Trial bottles free."

**DROP IN**



and get our prices on that lumber you're going to buy before going any further.

Our yards are well stocked with the best material on the market and if we can't please you both in quality and price, that's our fault not yours. Let us give you an estimate anyway, that won't cost you a cent.

**Kellogg Bros. Lumber Co.**

YARDS AT

GRAND RAPIDS, NEKEOSA, W. GRAND RAPIDS.

**CENTRALIA HARDWARE COMPANY**

—DEALERS IN—

**SLEIGHS and CUTTERS**

.....

**Heating and Cook Stoves; the kind that save wood, the kind you want.**

Just received a carload of the latest designs in sleighs and cutters which as usual will be sold at a very close margin. Hand sleighs, Boys, and Girls' Skates, Ladies' and Gents' Skates, a full line of goods of this character.

**Centralia Hardware Company,**

WEST SIDE. - - GRAND RAPIDS.

**NEW LINE OF SUITINGS**

**JUST ARRIVED!**

It won't cost you a cent to look at them and you may find what you want.

**EDW. KOSTKA,**

—TAILOR—

M. J. Slattery's Old Stand. East Side, Grand Rapids.

**The HOT BLAST Stove**

Is one of the greatest fuel savers on earth.

**It will burn anything from cornstalks to hard coal.**

Makes more heat than any other stove on the market. Come and see the way they work. Two of them in constant use at

**D. M. HUNTINGTON'S,**

East Side Near City Hall.



**A Little Boy's Life Saved.**

I have a few words to say regarding Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It saved my little boy's life and I feel that I cannot praise it enough. I bought a bottle of it from A. E. Steer of Goodwin, S. D., and when I got home with it the poor baby could hardly breathe. I gave the medicine as directed every ten minutes until he "threw up" and then I thought sure he was going to choke to death. We had to pull the phlegm out of his mouth in great long strings. I am positive that if I had not got that bottle of cough medicine, my boy would be on earth today.—Joel Demont, Inwood, Iowa. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

**Building Lots for Sale.**

—Forty building lots in first ward from \$75 to \$150. Also good 10 room dwelling and lot \$80x120.

E. I. PHILLO.

(First Publication 12-31-41)

**Notice of Application.**

Wood County Court—In Probate.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, ss  
COUNTY OF WOOD.

In the matter of the Estate of Mary Hutton, deceased.

On this 24th day of December, A. D. 1902, upon reading and filing the petition of George Hutton stating that Mary Hutton, of the county of Wood, died intestate, on or about the 14th day of December, 1902, and praying that George Hutton or some other suitable person be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased.

It is Ordered, That said application be heard before me, at the probate office in the court house in the city of Grand Rapids, said Wood county, on the 3d day of February, A. D. 1903, at 2 o'clock p. m., the same being a regular term.

And it is Further Ordered, That notice of the time and place appointed for hearing said application be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper printed in said county, previous to the time appointed for said hearing.

By the Court, W. J. COXWAY, County Judge.

(First Publication 12-31-41)

**Notice of Application.**

Wood County Court.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, ss  
COUNTY OF WOOD.

In the matter of the Estate of Nels Johnson, deceased.

On this 30th day of December, A. D. 1902, upon reading and filing the petition of Nellie Johnson stating that Nels Johnson of the county of Wood died intestate, on or about the 17th day of December, 1902, and praying that the petitioner be appointed administratrix of the estate of said deceased.

It is Ordered, That said application be heard before me, at the probate office in the city of Grand Rapids, on the 27th day of January, A. D. 1903, at ten o'clock a. m.

And it is further Ordered, That notice of the time and place appointed for hearing said application be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper printed in said county, previous to the time appointed for said hearing.

By the Court, W. J. COXWAY, County Judge.

## WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

South Bound/North Bound		A. M.		P. M.	
Marshfield.....	7:30	2:20	10:45	6:05	
Arpin.....	7:55	2:45	10:20	5:35	
Grand Rapids.....	8:20	3:10	9:50	5:05	
Port Edwards.....	8:40	3:30	9:30	4:55	
Nekoosa.....	8:50	3:40	9:25	4:45	
A. M. P. M.		A. M. P. M.		A. M. P. M.	
Minneapolis.....	8:00	5:00	11:30	7:45	
St. Paul.....	11:00	2:00	9:20		
St. Clair.....	11:30	1:30	8:50		
Chippewa Falls.....	12:10	10:15	6:05		
Marshfield.....	12:20	10:45	5:05		
Grand Rapids.....	12:30	10:55	4:55		
Arpin.....	12:40	11:05	3:45		
Marshfield.....	12:50	11:15	3:35		

Tickets sold and baggage checked at all principal points in the United States and Canada. For rates and other information apply at the ticket office.

C. W. HOBSON, Agent.

## NORTHWESTERN LINE.

South Bound/North Bound		A. M.		P. M.	
Chicago.....	1:15	5:55	3:05	7:55	
Milwaukee.....	1:45	6:25	3:35	7:25	
Port of Lake.....	1:55	6:35	3:45	7:15	
A. M. P. M.		A. M. P. M.		A. M. P. M.	
Red Granite Jet.....	6:30	11:55	8:35	11:50	
Spring Lake.....	6:45	12:10	8:50	12:05	
Red Granite.....	6:55	12:20	9:00	12:15	
Red Granite Jet.....	6:50	11:55	8:35	11:50	
Wabasha.....	6:55	12:05	8:40	12:00	
Wendell.....	7:00	10:50	9:25	12:10	
Decorah.....	7:05	10:55	9:30	12:15	
Keosauqua.....	7:10	11:00	9:35	12:20	
Grand Rapids.....	7:15	11:05	9:40	12:25	
Acosta.....	7:20	11:10	9:45	12:30	
Albia.....	7:25	11:15	9:50	12:35	
Shellsburg.....	7:30	11:20	9:55	12:40	

All trains daily except Sunday.

J. C. WILLARD, Agent.

## C. M. & St. P. R.

**TRAINS NORTH.**

No. 1, daily except Sunday..... 7:02 A. M.  
No. 2, daily except Sunday..... 5:50 P. M.  
No. 3, Sunday only..... 11:14 A. M.  
No. 4, daily except Sunday..... 10:40 A. M.

**TRAINS SOUTH.**

No. 1, passenger, daily..... 9:40 P. M.  
No. 2, daily except Sunday..... 12:37 P. M.  
No. 3, daily except Sunday..... 2:45 P. M.  
No. 4, passenger, daily..... 10:40 A. M.

All Passenger trains make close connections at New Lisbon east and west.

L. M. SCHLAFER, Agent.

## G. B. & W. R. R. Co.

No. 1, Passenger, going West leave 11:33 A. M.  
No. 2, arrive 9:30 P. M.  
No. 3, Freight, leave 4:10 A. M.  
No. 4, arrive 7:30 P. M.  
No. 5, Passenger, going East leave 6:40 A. M.  
No. 6, leave 2:42 P. M.  
No. 7, Freight, leave 5:00 A. M.  
No. 8, arrive 6:15 P. M.

V. W. MILLER, Agent.

## CITY MEAT MARKET!

Fresh, Salt and Smoked MEATS.

All kinds of Fish, Poultry and Sausages. Cash paid for Hides and Pelts. Prompt delivery of orders, wholesale and retail.

**N. REILAND,**  
TEL. 275. EAST SIDE.  
GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

## She Repudiated the Charge.

At the men's service in a Yorkshire parish the vicar tried to convey the lesson that the truest heroes and heroines are those who do noble deeds in the secret corner of the home, where none can see or applaud.

"Few of you seem to think," he concluded, "that your wives staying at home uncomplainingly to mind the children and prepare the meals are heroines, and yet their touching devotion to duty proves them to be so."

It certainly hadn't struck one old farmer in this way before, and as soon as he got home he promptly told his wife that the vicar had called her a heroine.

"Whatever does that mean?" asked the good lady.

"Oh, it means a woman who stays in 't' house instead of goin' out to show herself," explained the farmer vaguely.

"Then I'm not a heroine, an' I'll thank 't' vicar to mind what he's sayin'," snapped the wife. "I go to his church as much as 't' other women do, an' he must be blind if he can't see me. Why, I'd five different colors in 't' bonnet I wore last Sunday!"—London Answers.

## Mark Twain's First Earnings.

Mark Twain was once asked by a friend if he remembered the first money he had ever earned.

"Yes," answered Mr. Clemens, puffing meditatively on his cigar, "I have a distinct recollection of it. When I was a youngster, I attended school at a place where the use of the birch rod was not an unusual event. It was against the rules to mark the desks in any manner, the penalty being a fine of \$5 or public chastisement.

"Happening to violate the rule on one occasion, I was offered the alternative. I told my father, and, as he seemed to think it would be too bad for me to be publicly punished, he gave me the \$5. At that period of my existence \$5 was a large sum, while a whipping was of little consequence, and so"—here Mr. Clemens reflectively knocked the ashes from his cigar—"well, he finally added, 'that was how I earned my first \$5.'"

## His Egg Sauce.

"Well, my man," said the visiting physician of a Dublin infirmary to a patient, "how do you feel this morning?"

"Turty well, sorr," was the reply.

"That's right. I hope you like the place?"

"Indeed and I do, sorr," said the man. "There's only wan thing wrong in this establishment, and that is I only get as much mate as wud feed a sparrow."

"Oh, you're getting your appetite, are you?" said the doctor. "Then I'll order an egg to be sent up to you."

"Arrah, doother," rejoined the patient, "would you be so kind as to tell him at the same time to send me up the hin that laid it?"

## The Privilege of Possum.

A Georgia dorky arrested for stealing a possum from a white man said to the judge:

"I don't count it no stealin' 'till yo' honnor, kaze de possum wuz raise fer de nigger, des lak de mule wuz. Let de white man take de turkey on leave de possum fer de nigger is what I say!"

"But," said the judge, "the negro frequently takes the turkey too?"

"Not dis season, suh," was the quick reply. "Dey roostin' too high."—Atlanta Constitution.

## A Black Eye.

Provided there is no abrasion or cut of the cuticle, a black eye can be removed in one night by an application of an ointment of black hellebore. Rub some black hellebore powder up with some lard and apply, leaving it on all night. In the morning the discoloration has all gone and the swelling also, only leaving a slight wrinkle, which soon disappears by cold water applications.

## Rang Her In.

"And when you marry," she softly said, "I hope you'll remember to invite me to the ceremony."

He looked thoughtful. "It will be awfully crowded, no doubt," he said, "but I think I can ring you in somehow."

And a moment or two later she declared the ring was an astonishingly good fit.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Not Worried by Them.

Mamma—Johnny, when you told me that that Sever boy threw stones at you you did not tell me that it was after you had thrown stones at him.

Johnny—I wasn't afraid of the stones I threw at him, ma. It was only the ones coming my way that I was scart of.—Boston Transcript.

## One of the Intelligent.

"Have you any scruples," inquired the prosecuting attorney, "against inflicting the death penalty in a case of willful murder?"

"Ort I to hev 'em," cautiously asked the salesman, "or not to hev 'em, if I don't want to set on the jury?"—Chicago Tribune.

## A Phenomenal Artist.

"He is the only true musical phenomenon I ever saw or heard."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because he acknowledges that he tours the country for cash first and art second and that this isn't his farewell appearance."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## An Extreme Case.

Rjones—And you say Biffers is absentminded?

Brown—Absentminded! Why, man, he's so absentminded that when he ought to have a headache his corn

## Roast Pig in a Lamb in China.

A correspondent of the North China Herald writes this dissertation upon roast pig: "How little western writers understand the Chinese! Who has not read an' rejoiced over Lamb's 'Dissertation Upon Roast Pig'? It is not everybody who has the chance of seeing Lamb's fascinating story worked out in real life. In the beginning of the present Chinese year I passed through a busy market village where the people kept many pigs. In the middle of the night a fire broke out in the market village and destroyed the whole place. No lives had been lost, but most of the pigs had been roasted, especially those too fat to run quickly. Roast pigs! Burning houses! Lamb's story in real life! Quite naturally I remarked that some folk must have had a splendid meal of roast pork in those days. To my surprise the natives asked with disgust: 'A splendid meal! Who would eat that stinking, smoky stuff? The palate of the Chinaman absolutely rejects smoky roast pork! All that magnificent epicurean description culminating in the one word 'crackling'—a delusion, a yarn, a lie! I gloated over that yarn when a boy and grew excited as the story went from one page to another. Now to find the whole thing go up in smoke!"

## Solving It.

Patrick, a thrifty tradesman in the neighborhood of the Dublin docks, was, the story goes, a man who never spent a penny more than he needed to spend, but he was nevertheless as good a man at the making of an Irish bull as any who lived between Bantry and Ballycastle.

Having one day occasion to send a letter to a place some distance, Patrick called a messenger and asked him his price for going such a distance.

"It'll be a shillin'," said the man.

"Twice too much," said Patrick. "Let it be sixpence."

"Niver," answered the messenger. "The way is that lonely that I'd niver go it under a shillin'."

"Lonely, is it?" said Patrick, scratching his head. "Faith, an' ye're right. Now, man, I'll tell ye what we'll do: make it sixpence, an' I'll go wid ye to kape ye company."

## Curran Met His Match.

Curran, the famous Irish advocate, was a master of repartee, but he did not always score, though he enjoyed an encounter none the less if he was fairly beaten. One day, in a gay mood, he stopped and chatted with a certain Father O'Leary. "Ah, father," said the advocate, waiting for an opening. "how I wish when I die that you had the key to heaven!"

"Why?" said the priest, for he guessed a trap was laid.

"Because you could let me in."

"Ah," said Father O'Leary. "it would be better for you if I had the key of the other place, for then I could let you out."

## The Rose.

Old as the history of the world itself is that of the queen of flowers. The ancient Greeks and Romans revelled in roses. They were used lavishly at their feasts. In the time of the republic the people had their cups of falernian wine swimming with blooms, and the Spartan soldiers, after the battle of Cirrha, refused to drink any wine that was not perfumed with roses, while at the regatta of Bala the whole surface of the Lucrine lake was strewn with flowers.

## It Muddled Him.

"It gets me," confided the intoxicated individual who was gazing into the florist's window—"it gets me! I d'know wezzer a chr'chr'chr'zannemum looks like a Skye terrier or wezzer a Skye terrier looks like a chr-chr-zannemum."

But the policeman got him just then, and the problem ceased to get him for the time being.—Baltimore American.

## Sought Bargain in War.

Edward III. had just announced his intention of beginning the Hundred Years' war.

"But," sobbed Queen Philippa, "can't you reduce it to ninety-eight?"

Maddened, however, by this request for a bargain, he rushed out at once and pawned their crowns to pay the troops.—New York Tribune.

## Difference of Opinion.

"How did that poem of yours turn out?"

"Oh," answered the author, "there was the difference of opinion that usually attends the production of a masterpiece. The postmaster insisted that it was first class matter and the editor insisted that it was not."—Washington Star.

## Scorched.

Cannibal Chief—What was that I had for dinner?

Cannibal Cook—He was a bicycle rider, your excellency.

Cannibal Chief—I thought I detected a burned taste.

Cannibal Cook—Yes, your excellency. He was scorched when we caught him.

## Raising His Salary.

"You told me last week that you would try to raise my salary," said Briggs.

"Oh, yes," replied his employer. "Well, I did. I raised it after some trouble. Believe me, I had a very hard time raising it this week."

It is remarkable how virtuous and generously disposed every one is at a play. We uniformly applaud what is right and condemn what is wrong when it costs us nothing but the sentiment.—Hazlitt.

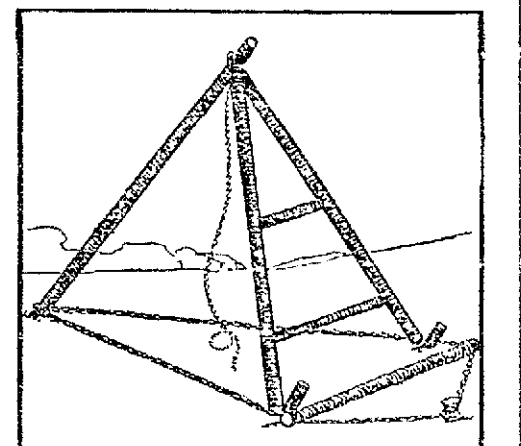
An easy way to soften hard water delightfully is to throw orange peel into it before the water is used.

## FARM AND GARDEN

## A FARM DERRICK.

Useful For Hanging Hogs or Bees and Raising Bulky Objects.

An easily constructed derrick is shown in the cut from Ohio Farmer. This kind of arrangement will be most useful in butchering, for suspending a hog for scalding or raising a beef to be dressed, and will come in handy for other purposes, as raising a bulky object a short distance when loading on a sled. Three good strong poles about fourteen feet long will do for the der-



A HANDY DERRICK.

rick legs, or three pieces of heavy dimension stuff may be used if more convenient. Bevel off the tops of two of the poles on one side and flatten the top of the third. Bore a hole through the tops of all three poles. Set the poles up tripod fashion and fasten at the top by a bolt. The poles should not be bolted too tight, but just so as to allow the foot of the middle pole to be moved in or out from the ground center. Connect the other two poles by a couple of iron rods or wooden cross-pieces. The rods may be fitted in holes in the legs or the crosspieces attached with bolts, but in either case they should be adjustable or be attached not permanently, but to admit of being moved to adjust the pitch of the legs. The two legs thus braced rest against stakes driven in the ground, and the third leg brought toward them at the foot raises the top of the derrick. The force that the derrick will exert on a lifting rope or chain attached to its apex is increased as the movable leg is brought nearer perpendicular. The illustration shows how a rope, spreader and singletree may be used with a horse for operating the derrick. When the derrick is not in use, the rods or crosspieces may be removed, the top bolt loosened and the legs swung together, making it easy to load on a wagon for transportation somewhere else or to be stored out of the way.

## FOUND AT LAST?

The Poison in Sorghum—An Entirely New Opinion.

Dr. Avery, chemist of the Nebraska station, has been investigating the sorghum poisoning of cattle. As stated in Farm and Ranch, Dr. Avery has analyzed every part of the sorghum plant and found prussic acid in leaves and stalks in dangerous quantities at certain stages of growth and in harmlessly minute quantities at other stages. Sorghum of normal growth, of four feet and over, contains very little and sometimes none of the poison, but the stunted growth contains it often in fatal amounts. The findings of Professor Avery indicate that the common opinion that it is second growth sorghum that kills is well founded, as those cattle eat that which not only has an abnormally high per cent of the poison, but the very parts of the plant where all the poison is stored, the leaves and stems, the stems having the greater proportion. In matured sorghum most of the stem is rejected, and the amount of poison in the parts eaten is not sufficient to do any harm. Professor Avery adds:

"If the writer may venture from the safe ground of experiment into the uncertain field of speculation, he would suggest that the presence of nitrates in the soil may facilitate the formation of prussic acid in the plants. It is well known that in semiarid sections much of the nitrogen in the soil is in the form of nitrates, while in well watered sections the greater part of the nitrogen is combined with humus. May not this fact explain why sorghum, stunted by an occasional dry season, is seldom fatal to stock in the east and that many of the most severe outbreaks occur where irrigation is practiced?"

## A Good Game to Stick To.

An exchange reports Mr. J. E. Wing of Ohio as of the opinion that fat muttons will be in demand for export. "Sheep and lamb feeding is a good game to stick to, provided the feeder raises his own feed. We raise lots of alfalfa and feed it in conjunction with ear corn. Never shell the corn. At least that is our experience, and it has been a profitable one. The thin lambs are the ones to buy. The feeder gets the growth with them and will make money by not finishing them too much. Send them to market on the light side, if anything, is my policy. When buying feeding lambs, be sure to pick those with open, loose fleeces. They do better in the feed lot than close fleeced stock."

## Fast Corn Shuckling.

From Kansas comes the information that that state possesses the most rapid corn shucker on record, at least for Kansas. Harvey Berkley of Hamlin husked recently 115 bushels of corn in five hours. The second place in corn husking fame in that section is held by a man who husked 131 bushels in seven hours. It is generally recognized that a man who can husk 100 bushels of corn a day is considered good.

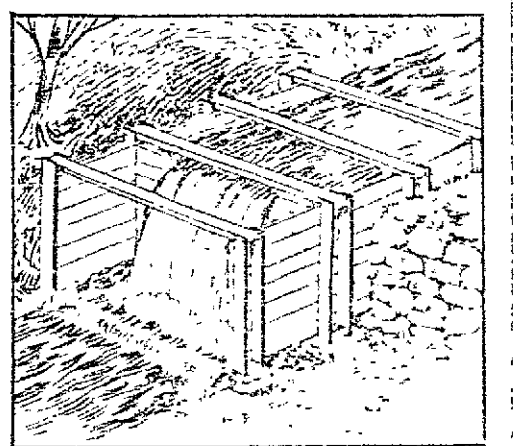
## FARMERS' WEIRS.

A Practical Presentation of One Method of Measuring Water.

In bulletin No. 34 of the Montana experiment station Director S. Fortier gives a concise description, easily made available by farmers for practical use, of one method of measuring water. Among other things Professor Fortier says: For occasional measurements the earthy channel of a ditch or canal answers all purposes, but when more accurate and continuous measurements are desired rating flumes are usually constructed. These consist of wooden flumes as wide as the water channel and from eight to twenty-four feet in length, placed to conform with the grade of the canal. The velocity of the water is found by a current meter, and the depth of water is often recorded on a sheet attached to a self registering machine which needs attention only every seventh day.

A weir box usually consists of a flume with the lower end inclosed. In the middle of the top of the lower end a notch is cut, through which the water to be measured flows. Weirs require no instruments other than a foot-rule. They are easily and cheaply made and measure flowing water within 2 per cent of accuracy when all the requisite conditions are fulfilled. Weir boxes as compared with miners' inch boxes are more accurate, can be built for the same if not for less money and can be used to measure much larger volumes. The chief defects of this device are that the box often fills with sediment, which must be removed, and that the water as it issues from the notch requires a drop of at least double the depth of water flowing through the notch.

For nearly half a century western irrigators have tried to devise a way by which water might be measured as it flows through a headgate. They hoped to make one structure answer two purposes. In this they have failed for the reason that water is so much agitated and so irregular in flow as it passes through a headgate as to render it impossible to secure an accurate measurement. Of late years, measuring box-



FARMER'S WEIR BOX.

es have been placed at the most suitable points below the headgates, and the latter control the stream while the former indicate the volumes. This rule applies to weirs. It is well to have a space of at least fifty feet between the two structures, and if a better site can be secured farther down the ditch the intervening distance may be increased to several hundred feet.

Professor Fogg's pamphlet contains working drawings for four weir boxes intended to be placed near the headgates of farmers' laterals that divert water from natural streams or canals; also a weir box for the head of a large lateral that will measure sufficient water to supply the needs of from five to fifteen farmers. This publication is the first of a series of farmers' bulletins on irrigation topics.

## A New Crop of "Get Rich" Schemes.

The country is being flooded with circulars put out by the rapidly increasing number of "get-rich" schemes whose ostensible purpose is to enable people to buy a home or a farm on easy terms. There are various modifications of the plan, which is in effect a chain scheme. It works all right as long as new members flock in, but comes to an end if "members" fail to pay up. Many societies, organizations and companies have worked more or less similar schemes, but in the end they must all fizzle out. But since a new crop of these promoters is now flooding the rural districts with their circulars it behooves farmers to have their wits about them.—American Agriculturist.

## New Western Demand For Wheat.

A significant movement that, the calling for upward of 500,000 bushels of wheat from the spring wheat territory for shipment to Puget sound. It is understood that a considerable business of this character is planned, the wheat to be ground on the coast for the Australian trade, that faroff continent being a buyer of some magnitude in American markets. This western demand for wheat which usually seeks an eastern outlet ought to prove a healthy stimulus to prices, and, of even greater importance, may do something to further widen permanently our foreign trade in breadstuffs.—Orange Judd Farmer.

## News and Notes.



# Wrinkles Or No Wrinkles

By Zoe Anderson Norris

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ANN SIMPSON sat in her arm-chair by the window, across which was drawn a snowy dotted swiss curtain, nodding. By and by she roused with a start and, suppressing a groan, looked toward the door.

"Was it somebody knocked?" she queried. Then, "Come in," she called. "Come right on in."

The door opened, and a young woman in a slatted sunbonnet stood on the threshold.

"For the land's sake, Sally," cried Miss Simpson, "shut the door! The flies, the flies!"

Sally hastily shut the door and stood against it, sunbonnet off and in hand. "There!" she exclaimed triumphantly and drawing a chair close to Ann's.



"TAKIN' UP THE LIGHT, SHE RAISED IT ABOVE HER HEAD."

"Now tell me all about the weddin'," she begged. "Begin at the beginnin' an' tell me every little thing about it, Ann."

Ann, looking at the clock ticking loudly on the mantelpiece, drew aside the curtain and peered from it to the house across.

"They must be gone by now," she explained. "An' I slept through their goin'."

"They are gone," said Sally. "I met the carriages as I was comin' up the street. But they'll be back again, an' you can see them then. Why wait'n' you at the weddin', Ann?"

"You don't suppose, now," asked Ann, with some asperity, "it was on account of the want of an invitation, do you? There it is on the mantelpiece by the clock if you'd like to see it to convince yourself."

"No. That wasn't why. It was this rheumatiz. When there's anything I want particularly to 'tend, it takes me down. That was why I was took down yesterday."

"But don't you think for a second that Lavinia'll forget me. She ain't that sort. There ain't a kinder hearted soul in this here town than Lavinia. She'll send me some of every little thing she's got on the table an' a piece of the weddin' cake besides to dream on tonight."

"Lavinia's already sent me some of the flowers what belongs to her weddin'." Ann continued. "There they are on the little table in the corner. Get up an' sm' it 'em."

"You hardly know," she went on as Sally obediently got up, buried her nose in the roses for the space of a fragrant moment and sat down again, "what to think of this here weddin' of Lavinia's. It's mighty strange the way it come about. You see, I know it all from beginnin' to end. From the very start, datin' back to that first husband of her'n, what was, without any exaggeration, the meanest white man that ever put foot on top of earth."

"Yes, it's just as I say, the meanest white man what ever put foot on top of earth. You couldn't, that is to say, lay a finger on him an' say, 'This man's a bawler or a thief or a cutthroat or an all round desperado.' No. He might 'a' been a better man if you could. An out an' out desperado ain't often understood an' mean, like this husband of Lavinia's—mean clean to the bone—some of them men what's afraid to tackle a good sized man of his own sex, but what 'll delight in breakin' the heart of a woman by inches in wringin' it an' wringin' it till she's nothin' but a bundle of sobs an' means an' tears."

"Well, it was them tears he made Lavinia shed what brought the wrinkles under her eyes. He wa'n't worth no tears. No man is; not a tear nor a sigh nor a sob. But what women will believe that? Lavinia wouldn't for one. She'd 'a' been a better man if you could. An out an' out desperado ain't often understood an' mean, like this husband of Lavinia's—mean clean to the bone—some of them men what's afraid to tackle a good sized man of his own sex, but what 'll delight in breakin' the heart of a woman by inches in wringin' it an' wringin' it till she's nothin' but a bundle of sobs an' means an' tears."

"Lookin' at the wrinkles under Lavinia's eyes cut by the tears he had made her shed, I wa'n't much inclined to grieve for her husband. But Lavinia! A softer hearted woman never lived in this town than Lavinia. She followed him to the grave, sobbin' fit to kill, exactly 's if he'd been the best husband in the world, the best the Lord had

ever made, instead of one he'd accidentally spilt in the makin'."

"Anyway Lavinia, as I say, followed him to the grave sheddin' big tears an' tremblin', all over black from the crown of her head to the soles of her little feet. I didn't go to the funeral. I didn't have it in my heart to pretend to grief I didn't feel. But when she come back I went over to her house an' says to her: 'Cheer up, Lavinia. Dry them tears of your'n an' don't cry no more. The cherries 'll be ripe for your pickin' yet, if I know anything about it.'"

"I was right. The better days did come, an' soon too. Once forgettin' the ghastliness of death, the horror of it—an' 'tain't nothin' but that makes these widders take on so for awhile—Lavinia begun to feel the happiness of bein' free. There was nobody about to say, 'Do this' or 'Do that' or 'Come here' or 'Go there,' a-sneerin' at her when she laughed an' snarlin' at her when she cried. An' 'twasn't long before, with them fetters dropped off away from her for good, she sprung up in the blessed light of freedom an' commenced to bloom like any flower. An' pretty! Lavinia got to be pretty as a picture, exceptin' for them wrinkles under her eyes."

"You'd think, wouldn't you, now, that when a woman 'd once found out what a good thing freedom was she'd stick to it? But I s'pose if she did that she wouldn't be a woman. Lavinia wa'n't no exception. She hadn't more'n got good an' used to doin' without her shackles than she made up her mind to put on some more. It appeared she was sort of fated, Lavinia was. You'd be surprised to see the man she settled on. Tom Wofford! Oh, yes, of course, you know him. He don't live far from you. I'd forgotten that. Well, he was the man. Of all the unnerly men that ever lived in this town, with the exception of her first husband, he is the onneriest. I ain't meanin' 's far 's money's concerned or clothes or way of livin', but disposition."

"Hoigh, ho! I'll never forget the night Lavinia come over here after he'd gone an', without sayin' a word—Lavinia an' me's such friends that words ain't allus necessary atween us—walked to the mirror over the mantelpiece there an', takin' up the light, raised it above her head, gazin' at her eyes. From where I sat, which was just about where I'm settin' now, I could get a glimpse of her face, the prettiest pinky white complexion you ever see, with a bow mouth like a child's an' a dimpled chin, an' nothin' the matter with it at all but them there wrinkles under the eyes. 'S far 's I was concerned them wrinkles didn't make no difference. I couldn't see 'em half the time for the shine of the eyes. But Lavinia, she puts the lamp back on the table where she got it an', turnin', stares at me."

"'He says,' she commences, 'that I would be pretty, awful pretty, if it wa'n't for these here wrinkles under my eyes.'"

"'Lavinia,' I admonishes, 'you're pretty enough as it is. Don't you be worryin' a mink about them wrinkles under your eyes.'"

"She promised she wouldn't an' went away. But 'twasn't many days before back she come again, an', takin' that little stool you've got under your feet, puts it close to me, same 's you're settin' now, an' lays her head on my knee. I rests my hand on it, silentlike, comfortin' of her. 'Twasn't the first time. A woman can get alone all right generally till she falls in love with a man. Soon 's that happens she begins to need comfortin'."

"'He says,' she begins by an' by, 'that there are doctors up in New York what can take the wrinkles out from under the eyes. 'Tain't no trouble, he says. 'All they've got to do is to cut away some pieces of flesh an' sew up the places. Then when it's well the wrinkles is gone, an' they never come back no more; never no more.'"

"'Lavinia,' says I, answerin', 'better let well enough alone. Better stay 's the Lord made you. He knows best. He knows what he's about, if it does seem sort of strangelike at times the way he manages. When he put them wrinkles in your face he meant for them to stay there till he gets ready to smooth 'em out.'"

"'Anyway, Lavinia, I go s on after a mink of studyin', 'if this here young man of your'n don't love you enough to forget them wrinkles under your eyes he ain't much good to the to. That's my opinion. I give it to you for what it is worth.'"

"'But I want to be beautiful!' she sort of moans. 'I want to be beautiful.'"

"Well, when a woman once makes up her mind to win a man's love there ain't nothin' short of choppin' off her head goin' to stop her. So I wa'n't to say surprised when 's she come runnin' over a day or so after a tellin' me goodby an' sayin', 'Now she was about to take a little trip up to New York to look up them doctors Tom Wofford had been talkin' to her so much about.'"

"'When I come back,' she smiles, but with a scared look in her eyes, 'I shall be beautiful!'"

"'While she was gone I got to inquire 'bout them New York doctors what cut an' slashed into people's faces so reckless, smoothin' out wrinkles put there by the hand of God, shakin' noses over, settin' back ears an' takin' reefs out of double chins to make 'em single. An' what I heard about 'em, Sally, didn't tend to encourage me much about Lavinia. I can tell you that. On the other hand, it scared me about her. If you could 'a' heard some of them tales they told me, your hair would 'a' stood straight up. One feller's nose, they said, had been made a good enough shape, but what with tinkerin' away on it, the same's if it had been wood, it had got so delicate he was afraid of blowin' it, afraid it would come to pieces altogether an' he wouldn't have no nose. Another had his ears set back so far. The flesh clean covered the hole he had to hear out of an' made

him deaf as a post natcherally. Why shouldn't it?"

"You can understand, then, Sally, that it wa'n't nothin' but natcherally—natcherally all these stories an' more what I haven't got time now to tell you—I was gettin' mighty uneasy about Lavinia an' them wrinkles of her'n. In a few weeks she come back alive, though, an' of course, her an' me bein' such fast friends, the first thing she does is to come straight over here to me. There ain't a sweeter soul in this here town than Lavinia. Well, she stands still right here facin' the window with the light floodin' her like an' says to me: 'Is the wrinkles gone, Ann?'"

"'Now, Lavinia had eyes—they had left her eyes—an', havin' eyes, she could see them wrinkles of her'n just the same as I could see 'em. She could see that they was just as bad as they allus was, if they wa'n't to say worse. So when I didn't say nothin' at all to her, seein' I couldn't say nothin' comfortin', she walks to the window an' looks out pitiful like an' says, 's if she was talkin' to herself, me settin' by mute, actin' dumbly:'"

"'An' the pain of it! The awful pain of it! An' all for nothin'! Fool, idiot! When I wake up in the mornin', it's the first thing I call myself an' the last thing at night—idiot, fool!'"

"'An' she wa'n't to say altogether wrong. If people will deliberately set in a chair an' have their faces whacked into, they'd oughter be disgriggered for life, an' that, candidly expressed, is my opinion. Of course, though, I didn't say nothin' of that sort to Lavinia. Spilled milk is spilled milk, an' there ain't no use cryin' over it, but—"

"'You can call yourself names like that, Lavinia,' says I, with a grunt of a laugh, 'but if somebody else did it you'd up an' slap 'em.'"

"'As I say, Lavinia an' me, we'd been such friends we didn't have to talk to understand. So when she come to me one day at twilight an' set at my feet, on the little stool an' put her head in my lap, moanin' like any hurt child might 'll moaned, I knew what was the matter. That Tom Wofford, that onnerly sweetest of her'n, had complained because the wrinkles was there same as ever an' would stay there till the good Lord got ready to smooth 'em away all in his good time, an' I never said a word. I bent down an' kissed her on the hair an' took hold of her hand to let the feel of my sympathy go through it to her, an' that was all.'"

Suddenly Sally sprang up and drew aside the curtain.

"'There they come!' she cried. 'Look! The groom and Lavinia! See! She's glancin' this way. She's throwin' a kiss to you, Ann. Throw one back to her, quick. Ah-h-h! Don't she look pretty? An' them orange blossoms! Beautiful! But, Ann, Ann! That don't look like Tom Wofford with her. He's taller somehow. Wa'n't it Tom Wofford she married, after all?'"

"'Tom Wofford?' grunted Ann. 'I reckon not. A man what would let her go an' have her face cut to pieces an' then complain!'"

"'Oh, tell me who she married, Ann. I've been away. I've just got back home. How can I know? Tell me!'"

But Ann, who was in no hurry, philosophized.

"'It seems, 's far 's I can hear the straight of it, that while she was waitin' in her turn in them doctors' office some other idiot—they ain't all dead yet even up there in New York—was waitin' his turn, too, to be made shorter or longer, just as the case happened to be; I've forgotten exactly which it was, shorter or longer.'"

"'Well, anyway, they got into a sort of sympathetic conversation, her an'



"I BENT DOWN AND KISSED HER ON THE HAIR."

him, waitin', an' it seems they kept it up, an' when Lavinia's wrinkles wa'n't gone, like they promised they would be, an' when he wa'n't made no shorter—now that I remember it was shorter he wanted to be made exceptin' in the pocketbook, of course, they got to be great chums, talkin' it over an' sympathizin' with each other. He's a fine feller, aside from this foot notion of his'n to be carved into an' changed, an' rich. He's handsome too. An' what does he do but come down here from New York an' marry Lavinia?"

Sally could not contain her delight. "Wrinkles or no wrinkles!" ejaculated she.

"'Wrinkles or no wrinkles!' echoed Ann Simpson and smiled a smile indicative of pure content."

"'Still I don't know,' she added presently when Sally had put back the curtain and deposited herself in the depths of her armchair to think it over. 'It was about even when you come to study the sides of it. It's six of one an' half a dozen of the other. He's got a sort of hump in the left leg where them New York doctors lamed him.'"

# The Jericho Postoffice

Pap Perkins, Postmaster, Tells About Lightning Rods

[Copyright, 1902, by Hiram Haines.]

IT was Salathiel Green who got the first lightning rod ever put up in Jericho. He had just finished building a new barn when along came a lightning rod wagon all painted up in bright colors and with pictures on it.

"Is there a circus comin' to Jericho?" asks Salathiel as the wagon stopped at his gate.

"There's something a heap better," replied the boss of the outfit. "How many thunderstorms do you have around here in the course of a year?"

"'Bout twenty old busters, I guess, sayin' nothin' of a few small ones thrown in.'"

"And what prevents your barns and houses from being struck and burned?"

"'Providence, I'm thinkin'.'"

"'Just so. And you folks around here have been playin' it low down on Providence. You've sat in your woodshed doors or slept in your beds and depended on Providence looking out for your interests without chargin' a red cent. You've played the bog till Providence has got tired and put her back up. She's invented this here lightning rod to ward off thunderbolts, and if you won't put up one Providence won't be responsible for what happens.'"

The man's line of argument seemed to be sound. Salathiel Green didn't believe in workin' his hired man or his horses or oxen into the grave. He felt that he had made Providence carry a pretty big burden for a good many years and that she had a right to kick. When he had thought it over for awhile, he told the lightning rod man to go ahead, and he planked down the cash when the rod was up. The rod itself attracted a great deal of notice, but when Salathiel announced that he had let up on Providence and was going to carry his own risk there was turmoil in Jericho.

"'Yes, I know we have all put a heap of burdens on Providence,' argued Deacon Spooner, 'but what's Providence for? It was intended that she should take care of good folks. Her buck is broad, and you needn't fear about overloadin' her. She can take care of all the barns and houses in Jericho and not lose a wink of sleep.'"

"I sort of hold with Salathiel," added Moses Grafton. "I've been callin' on Providence for the last forty years. I called on her for my first wife and my second; to save me when I had typhoid fever; to git my oxen out of the mire; to save my hay one rainy season; to do a hundred other things for me. She may be willin' to keep right along doin', but would it be a fair thing to ask her? Seems to me I'd better git a lightning rod fur my barn and let Providence take care of the house and the haystacks.'"

"Gentlemen, this is a solemn thing—a solemn thing," remarked Deacon Joab Johnson, as the discussion was renewed at the postoffice in the evening, "and it should be argued in a solemn manner. When anybody claims to have invented anything to take the place of Providence, we'd better hesitate a little. I've bin over to see Salathiel's lightning rod. It runs from the ground to the roof and sticks up six feet above. It has a pint to it to catch the lightning. It looks all right,



"GENTLEMEN, THIS IS A SOLEMN THING."

but I'm goin' to wait and see. I'm willin' to give Providence a rest, but I want to see how a substitute will work."

"There may be sunthin' in it," said Hopewell Green, as he took off his hat and scratched his head, "but I ain't sayin' which side I'm on. If Providence has been overworked, we ought to let up on her and buy lightning rods, but if she's got a day or two in the week to spare, she might as well put it in by protectin' the barns around Jericho as to loaf around. I'd like to think the matter over before makin' up my mind.'"

Eljah Bidwell was supposed to know all about Providence and other things, but when appealed to he replied: "Don't ask me. Providence works in strange ways, and I dunno as she's allus to be depended on. She pulled me through lung fever when you all thought I'd die, and I hadn't skarsely got outdoors ag'in when she blowed down a shed and killed my yoke of oxen. She saved my hogs from the cholera and then turned right around and fixed things for my old woman to break her leg.'"

For two weeks nothing else was talked of, and public opinion was about equally divided. Then, one afternoon,

there came a ripping old thunderstorm. Everybody saw it gatherin' and looked for a test. When the storm finally broke, the lightning struck and fired no less than four barns within a mile of the village, all barns depending on Providence to carry the risk—while Salathiel Green's was not even grazed.

"Gentlemen, it looked to me to be mixin' up red wagons, lightning rods and religion all in a bag together," observed Deacon Spooner, "but I have changed my mind. I think the rest of us had better follow Salathiel's example and give Providence a rest."

The lightning rod man got word of it and returned, and during the next two weeks he put up rods on thirteen different barns in that end of the country. There was no thunderstorm until a month after the last rod was up. Then came another buster. It arrived in the night, and as the thunderclaps shook the earth Salathiel Green awoke and said to his wife:

"There ain't no cause to worry. Providence may look out for the farmers over beyond High hill, but them rods will protect us."

Half an hour later every one of the barns with lightning rods was a bonfire, while not a barn without rods was harmed in the slightest. There was widespread consternation next day, and such was the excitement in Jericho that an impromptu meeting was called. A good many men got up and said a good many different things, but Deacon Spooner hit the case pat when he remarked:

"I reckon it is the general opinion of this meetin' that there is such a thing as Providence. I reckon it is."

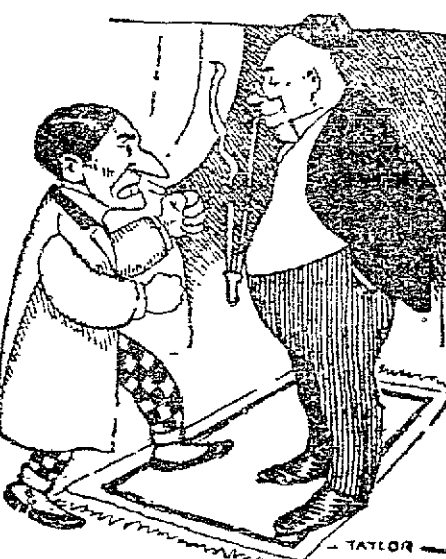
He looked all around for one who might dissent, but as nobody did he continued:

"And I further reckon that it is the further opinion of this meetin' that there bein' a Providence and that she knowin' her business a heap better than any lightning rod man from Schenectady it is therefore and hereby resolved, that in future the town of Jericho permits Providence to paddle her own canoe without interference."

The resolution was unanimously adopted, and the lightning rod man came to Jericho no more.

M. QUAD.

# Dangerous Parlor Variety.



Tellit—What's that? Why, confound you, what makes you think I wouldn't make a good match for your daughter? Tuem—Well, you dare up too quick; that's why! See?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# A Billville Estimate.

"You see that tall, distinguished looking man yonder?"

"Yes, I see him."

"Well, don't you recognize him?"

"Never glimpsed him before."

"Why, man, that's Bill Spinks; got to be a great writer; makin' a big sensation all over the country!"

"That ain't possible," said the citizen emphatically, "for I used to climb apple trees with him, an' him an' me used to go swimmin' together!"—Atlanta Constitution.

# It Got Tragical, However.

"That report of my death is the most amusing thing on record!" exclaimed Mr. Jinks. "I've just read my own obituary in this newspaper."

"Indeed!" said his wife. "And where does it say you went to?"

And then Mr. Jinks coughed and kicked the cat and told the cook to put some more coal on the fire. Atlanta Constitution.

# Brilliance Verses Plodding.

"Some men," said the original philosopher, "see more than others see at first sight and then devote so much time and energy to the task of being pleased with their own brilliancy that they miss all the benefit of the sober and maturer second thought that comes to those less gifted."—Baltimore American.

# His Baby Brother.

Yes, I've got a little brother; never asked to have him, neither. But he's here. They just went away and bought him. And last week the doctor brought him.

Wasn't that queer? When I heard the news from Molly, why, I thought at first 'twas Jolly, 'Cause, you see,

I s'posed I could go and get him. And then, my dear, course, would let him. Play with me.

But when I had one looked at him, "Why," I says, "arnt snakes, is that him?"

Just that mink!

They said, "Yes," and "Ain't it cunnin'?"

He's a sight! He's so small it's just awarin', and you'd think he was blazin', 'He's so red."

And his nose is like a berry. And he's just as like Jerry On his head."

Why he isn't worth a brick; all he does is cry and kick. He can't stop. Won't sit up; you can't arrange him. I don't see why he can't change him. At the shop."

Now, we've got to dress and feed him. And we really didn't need him. More'n a frog. Why'd they buy a baby brother. When they know I'd good deal rather have a dog? —Kansas Farmer.

# A Message In Blood

[Original.]

The detective has many curious riddles to solve. One of the most remarkable that ever came up for my solution was connected with the case of a man named Joel Klapper. He lived alone and was murdered one night during a blizzard. The murderer left him for dead, but he did not die for some time after the blow was struck. Unable to leave the bed in which he was murdered, there seemed to be no way of communicating information that would lead to the punishment of his murderer. Yet he succeeded in leaving all that was essential.

Klapper was used to reading at night in bed before going to sleep and kept on a stand beside his bed a lamp, matches and some books. When the body was discovered in the morning, the lamp was burning, though the oil was nearly exhausted. People who had passed the house between 11 and 12 reported that they had seen no light, but a man who had passed just before dawn on his way to a train declared that he had noticed a light in Klapper's room. He knew Klapper and wondered if he were not ill. He said he would have stopped to find out, but had barely time to reach his train.

I framed several theories, more or less influenced by this circumstance. Klapper was surely in bed with the light out when the murder was committed. How then could it have been burning in the morning unless he had lived long enough after the blow to light it? I had a feeling (I can find no better word to express it) that the lamp had been lighted by the victim with a purpose after he had been struck.

I looked for a communication on paper, but found none. I was absently turning over the leaves of one of the books on the table when I came to a red smudge. It covered the word "ten." It at once occurred to me that Klapper had communicated something concerning the murder by words smudged by his own blood, and I looked for more, which I found. I expected that they would be in the order of a message, but they did not. Consecutively placed they read:

Ten, crisp, man, on beard, me. Called. National, five, bill, took dollar, hair, forehead, new, because, scar, red and stabbed. I of all, ten.

The moment I had placed these words on paper in the above order I knew from the words scar, beard and hair that it contained a description of the murderer. I also inferred from the words crisp, five, bill, ten and national that it also contained a description of a bank bill or bills that had been taken. My first effort in deciphering the message resulted as follows:

Man called on me, beard and hair, red scar on forehead, took ten new crisp five dollar bills on (some) national (bank).

This was evidently not the solution, for there were a number of words unused. I tried it again:

Stabbed (by) man with red hair and beard. Scar on forehead. He took ten new crisp five dollar bills on (some) national (bank) because I called.

This was better than the first effort; but, like the first, the words were not all used. I made a number of trials before I found a correct reading, though I did not know whether the murderer took ten five dollar bills or five ten dollar bills. This was my last effort:

Man (with) red hair and beard, scar on forehead, stabbed me because I called. (He) took ten new crisp five dollar bills, all of the Tenth National.

Since the bank might have been the Fifth or the Tenth National, I went to both and learned at the Tenth that it had paid out some new five dollar bills the day before, and Mr. Klapper's account showed he had been paid \$50 the same day. Therefore the last part of the message read, "Ten new five dollar bills, all of the Tenth National."

I at once advertised to give a premium to any one who could furnish me with one of these bills. A woman, the cashier of a third rate restaurant, answered the advertisement, bringing one of the bills. Afterward there was another brought in, but too late to be of advantage. The woman told me that the man who gave it to her was so rough looking that she feared it was counterfeit and took it to her employer before changing it. In this way the matter was impressed on her mind. I asked her if she could identify the man, and she said she could.

The rest was comparatively easy. I laid the matter before the inspector and asked if he had any record of a criminal with red hair and beard and a scar on his forehead. After examination he found the description fitted Jim Bourke, alias Patsy Burns, alias Cauty Jack and a number of other aliases, who had recently been released from the penitentiary and seen in town. The man was watched for, arrested and identified by the restaurant cashier. Two of the bills were found on his person.

He was tried and convicted. After his conviction he gave an account of the robbery and murder that tallied with my theory. He entered the house by means of a window that had been left unfastened and after finding nothing below went up to Klapper's bedroom and turned a dark lantern on the sleeper. While the robber was searching for valuables Klapper called for help. The robber warned him if he did it again he would kill him. Klapper repeated the call, and the robber kept his word. Finding the bills in the murdered man's pocket, he took them and, leaving Klapper for dead, made his escape. He said that the lamp was not burning when he entered or when he left. It was plain that Klapper had lighted it, taken the book and written his last message in his own blood, a message that hung his murderer.

OLIVER MEARS HINSDALE.



